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A NATIONAL HISTORICAL CALENDAR

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WALLINGTON

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GEORGE WASHINGTON

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A NATIONAL HISTORICAL CALENDAR

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JANUARY

1, 1863 **Emancipation Proclamation**

Light and heat the sun bestows
On all alike where'er it *glows,*
Love of Freedom swells each breast.
Born thus equal to the rest,
None may dare God's gift efface,
Sharing even in His grace.

Now the happy day appears,
Surely coming through the years —
Each and all shall now be *Free.*
Emancipation Day we see,
Ringing day of Jubilee —
Each and all are henceforth FREE!

— *Andrew C. Kemper*

2, 1862 **Great Britain Warned "Hands Off!"**

Don't you meddle, John Bull,
  Don't meddle with the Yankees, I pray;
Or else, they may "lam" you, John Bull,
  And that at no far distant day.
They're a nation almighty, John Bull,
  Teaching Right to the whimsical South;
Therefore, I pray you, John Bull,
  Put a stop to your meddlesome mouth.

— *James S. Watkins*

3, 1777 Battle of Princeton

Round the College blazed the cannon and the portals, like a leaf,
Quivered at the thundering volley ordered by the rebel chief.
In a recess hung a portrait, picturing King George's face,
And its brow was peering proudly within that close-beleagured place;
When a ball came whizzing sternly, like a tongue of Ætna's flame,
And as if by Heaven directed, cut the canvas from the frame.

What an omen, sure and precious! What a lesson taught by God!
Royalty was soon to perish — perish at the people's nod.
Swift almost as flash of summer, swift as bird upon the wing,
So the labor of the artist, like a flake, was vanishing.
Soon did Freedom, blest protector — she whom despots cannot tame,
Sunder all our Country's fetters — cut like canvas from the frame.

— *David Humphrey*

4, 1778 The Battle of the Kegs

At Philadelphia, at early day, just as the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood and saw a thing surprising.
As in amaze he stood to gaze (the truth cannot be denied, sir),
He spied a score of kegs or more come floating down the tide, sir.
Soon, in affright, Howe sat upright, awakened by the clatter;
He rubbed his eyes and boldly cried: "For God's sake, what's the matter?"
"Arise! arise!" Sir Erskine cries. "The rebels — more's the pity —
Without a boat and all afloat are ranged before the city."
The motley crew, in vessels new, with Satan for their guide, sir,
Packed up in bags and wooden kegs, come driving down the tide, sir."
From morn till night, Howe's men of might displayed amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down they found there was no damage.

— *Francis Hopkinson*

5, 1863 Cavalry Fight at Middleton, Tennessee

But hark, a sound of hoofs behind, a clang of sabres loud,
And lo! a cloud of mighty men rush by me like a cloud.
As the immortals rode to war when Hector fought for Troy,
These ride, as if immortals inspired by awful joy.
Before them spurs their leader with form that fills the air,
So does his bearing fill the eyes as if a god were there.
Calm rides he forth to battle, with glory on his brow,
As if prophetic victory held laurels o'er it now,
Now, glory to our Cavalry! All honor to that band
Who turned the tide of battle as with a magic wand.

— *Fleming James*

6, 1608 Pocahontas

Upon a barren sand a single captive stood,
Around him came, with bow and brand, the redmen of the wood;
Like him, of old, his doom he hears, rock-bound on ocean's rim;
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears and breathed a prayer for him.
Above his head, in air, the savage war-club swung,
The frantic girl, in wild despair, her arms around him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the glade like leaves on aspen limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid who breathed a prayer for him.
"Unbind him," gasped the chief; "obey your chief's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief and set the captive free.

— *George Pope Morris*

7, 1834 Theodore Frelinghuysen on "Indian Rights"

Our land — once green as Paradise, is hoary,
E'en in its youth, with tyranny and crime;
Its soil with Afric's sons is gory,
Whose woes eternity can tell — not time;
The Red Man's woes still swell the damning story,
To be rehearsed in every age and clime.

If Honor, Justice, Truth had not forsaken
The place long hallowed as their abode,
The faith of treaties never had been shaken —
Our Country would have kept the trust she owed;
Nor Violence nor Treachery had taken
Away those rights which Nature's God bestowed.

— *William Lloyd Garrison*

8, 1815 Battle of New Orleans

The Eighth of January, before the break of day,
Our raw and hasty levies were brought into array.
Our fingers on the triggers, our hearts with anger stirred,
Grew still more fierce and eager as Jackson's voice was heard:
"Stand ready! Waste no powder — wait till your shots will tell!
To-day the work you finish, see that you do it well!"

How he hurled us at them, each succeeding hour,
That bitter cold day of winter, and made us feel our power.
The British fell by hundreds upon that bloody plain;
Of us, fourteen were wounded and only eight were slain.
The stormers, at last, retreated; the bloody work was o'er;
The feet of the invaders were driven from our shore.

— *Thomas Dunn English*

9, 1861 **The "Star of the West"**

Who fired the first shot at the "Star of the West?"
Let the name of a *traitor* be stamped on his breast;
Unworthy to dwell in the shade of the Tree
Our forefathers planted to shelter the free.
Carolina! Thy star has gone out in the night —
No longer floats o'er thee our banner so bright.
Base traitors are luring thy footsteps astray,
While Folly and Madness thy counsellors sway.
Oh! pause, for the blood that thy fathers have spilt
Calls from the ground, amazed at thy guilt.
Repent thee and still, as of yore, be thy pride,
That bravely for Freedom they suffered and died.

10, 1860 **The Fall of Pemberton Mill**

(*Lawrence, Massachusetts*)

The belfry calls with its imperial tone —
  There's quick response of hastening feet below;
Like sullen thunder muttering at the sun,
  The humming wheels in swift rotation go.
A moment more, the wheels their motion keep —
  A shock — a crash — and men like drunkards reel.
Down cower the timid, but the wary leap;
  The walls fall in and comes a shocking peal.
Alas! 'mid that wild confusion there appears
  A blaze that works its way with eager, surest aim;
The swift devourer mocks the wailing of despair —
  Wounded and dead fall prey to the deadly flame.

11, 1861 Alabama Secedes

The forests are green by the homes of the South,
And fierce now for battle is the blood of her youth;
Unfurl the new banner o'er mountain and vale,
Let the voice of Alabama be heard in the gale.
We rally from forest and rally from ford,
We leave our fair homes with the swift-drawn sword;
While a child shall be born in the South, let its cry
Be "Death to Abolition and Slavery for aye!"

— *Benjamin F. Porter*

12, 1863 Engagement at Mossy Creek, Tennessee

Eighty and nine, with their captain, rode on the enemy's track,
Rode in the gray of the morning — nine of the ninety came back.
It was a man-trap infernal — fire like the pit of hell —
Volley on volley to meet them, mixed with the rebel yell.
Cold are the dead there and gory — there where their life-blood was spilt;
Back came the living, each sword red from its point to the hilt.

— *Thomas Dunn English*

13, 1862 Garfield's at the Wheel

There was sadness in the Union camp; supplies were running low;
Small gains for many a weary tramp the forage wagons show.
Yet in their leader staunch and brave, firm faith the soldiers feel,
Ere long each well-filled haversack shall plenteous store reveal.
"'Tis death the swollen stream to trust!" the trembling sailors cry;
"At duty's call, we must embark," the General makes reply.
Wild currents vex the laboring barge, and quicksands clog her keel!
But safe to port she brings her charge, for *Garfield's* at the wheel.

— *William J. Lee*

14, 1891 General Miles Quells Indian Mutiny

The East grows pale; the shadows fall — when will the bugle blow?
Whose that command that lags behind and keeps us waiting so?
Hark! loud and clear with cheer on cheer, the "Charge!" rings on the air,
And ere the lodges leap awake, Miles' men are everywhere.
Up hill, down vale, the troopers charge; and fast the warriors all
Before the swords of righteous wrath, in terror flee and fall;
And every stroke writes down in blood what ne'er was writ before —
"The Dakotas, as a savage tribe, shall rule the plain no more!"

15, 1865 Death of Edward Everett

He had stood sublime
On that proud pedestal, a people's heart —
As when some image, through the touch of Time,
That long was reverenced in the public mart;
As some tall clock-tower, that was wont to tell
The hour of duty to the young and olden,
With tongue most musical of every bell,
Bends to its base and is no more beholden —
So fell our Everett.

16, 1865 Capture of Fort Fisher, North Carolina

With angry mouths Fort Fisher's cannon gleamed —
Gibraltar-like, impregnable it seemed;
An awful storm of shell and iron hail
Made those behind its sullen ramparts quail.
The Fort was stormed from ship and shore —
A fiercer fight lives not in army lore
Than that attack in which Fort Fisher fell.
The troops of Curtis, Pennepacker, Bell,
Fought hand to hand amid the Rebel yell.
Triumphant o'er Rebellion was the Blue,
And o'er Fort Fisher the Union banner flew.

— *Kilahan Cornwallis*

17, 1781 **Battle of the Cowpens**

Morgan gave the order clearly — "Fall back nearly to the border
Of the hill and let the enemy come nigher!"
Oh! they thought we had retreated and they charge in fierce disorder.
When out rang the voice of Howard — "To the right about, face! Fire!"
Swift upon our very wheeling came the pealing of our volley,
And our balls made red a pathway down the hill;
Broke the foe, who shrank and cowered; rang again the voice of Howard:
"Give the hireling dogs the bayonet!" and we did it with a will.
Like a herd of startled cattle from the battle-field we drove them;
In disorder down the Mill-gap road they fled;
Tarleton led them in the racing, fast he fled before our chasing,
And he stopped not for the dying and he stayed not for the dead.

— *Thomas Dunn English*

18, 1782 **Birthday of Daniel Webster**

A roof beneath the mountain pines,
The cloisters of a hill-girt plain;
A cottage of most modest lines —
The horizon — a mountain chain.

This was the scene; a boy appears,
His life's long journey just begun;
He lived to see our banner dip
Its fringes in the western sun.

— *James Russell Lowell*

19, 1862 **Death of General Felix Zollicoffer**

First in the fight and first in the arms
Of the white-winged angels of glory,
With the heart of the South at the feet of God,
And his wounds to tell the story.
He cast in his lot with the land of his choice,
Gained a name in our country's story,
And Fame of him shouts in immortal voice! —
"Dead on the field of Glory!"

— *Harry Lyndon Flash*

20, 1783 **Treaties of Amity**

She stands erect before the powers of earth,
To claim their sanction and their meed receive;
They come to grasp her hand with love and truth,
To form the league their interests perceive.
Old Sweden, with her boreal lights aglow,
Hailed the new star whose virgin disk appeared,
And Denmark came, the fostering arm to throw
Around the pillar now by Freedom reared.
Spain too, and Russia, whose imperial Peter stood
In bold relief upon her infant page,
Prepared to canonize the great and good,
And in the work of Amity engage.

21, 1824 **Birthday of "Stonewall" Jackson**

A fillet Fame made of shining lace,
Childhood's laughing brow to grace,
But his star rose in Mars.
He followed that star on the weary march,
Through the sleet of the wintry war;
He followed it on where he bowed the grain —
The star of Shenandoah.
It led him to the laurel glade of the Wilderness grim,
Even to Death it piloted him.

22, 1813 Defeat of General Winchester at Frenchtown, Ohio

(*Massacre of River Raisin*)

We heard the distant murmur, nearer coming, slow advancing —
It was long before the hour of nine.
Soon upon the road advancing, clear we saw the bayonets glancing,
And the morning sunlight played upon the swaying scarlet line.
Heavy was the impact, swift they beat us valiant down,
Slaughter, slaughter — few there were who could fall back;
After them the red avengers, bitter death from hate had sealed them,
Yelped the dark and red-eyed sleuths upon their track —
Still the long line sweeps forward, with tomahawk so near,
Till Death finds all and leaves the landscape drear.

23, 1815 Wreck of the Spanish Galleon

(*Isle of Shoals, New Hampshire*)

Did no one dream of that drear night to be,
Wild with the wind, fierce with the driven snow,
When, on yon granite point that frets the sea,
The ship met her death-blow?

Years, years, ago those brave sailors died;
None know how many sleep beneath the waves;
Fourteen headstones, rising side by side,
Point out their nameless graves.

— *Celia Thaxter*

24, 1814 Battle of Enotechopoc, Alabama

(*Seminole Warfare*)

Lo! Hasty scouts from Pensacola's side,
The muttering foe is threading southern woods,
With savage Greeks and loud-mouthed hounds allied.
Wide o'er the land these fiendish devil's ride,
Through hummocks dark and forests dense they lead,
While burning villages, far descried,
Proclaim the bold incendiary's deed.

— *Albert A. Whitman*

25, 1839 Texas Republic Adopts the "Lone Star" Flag

Thy fair hills shall bud and blow,
Vines your rocks shall overflow,
Plenty in your valleys grow.

Welcome, land of sunny strand,
Freedom's true, fraternal band,
Freedom's strong and honest hand.

Freedom's soil hath only place
For a free and fearless race —
None for traitors, false and base.

Perish party — perish clan,
Strike together, while you can,
Like the arm of one strong man.

— *John G. Whittier*

26, 1830 **"Union and Liberty!"**

Empire unsceptered — what foe can assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
God has united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us, the *Many in One!*
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain and shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry: —
UNION and LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE—

— *James Russell Lowell*

27, 1893 **Death of James Gillespie Blaine**

Never daunted by fear when dangers arise,
Never wearing a mask his thoughts to disguise;
A true friend to his friend and a foe to his foes —
Even his actions his noble impulses disclose.
Unsordid, unselfish — a man we could trust,
For his words and his deeds were all meant to be just;
And though he might err in whole or in part —
'Twas the fault of his judgment and not of his heart.

— *Orion T. Dozier*

28, 1861 **Kentucky in the Balance**

Kentucky blood is just as proud,
Kentucky powder ready;
Kentucky hearts are just as brave,
Kentucky nerve as steady
As when the flag we all revere
Unfolded o'er her proudly,
And for her homes Kentucky's voice
Undaunted, echoed loudly.
Desert our flag, Kentucky boys,
Then on the future dawning,
Thy faded glory scarce will streak
The first gray light of morning.

29, 1861 **Kansas Admitted to the Union**

In Kansas was aroused
The multitude to arms,
That made the Nation feel
The precepts they had taught and talked
Of hurts and harms;
Until God came and led her, and she walked
A child of sword and steel.
Her heart, her hope
Is boundless as her plains;
She walks the starry ways,
She leaps the vale and mountain-side,
For endless gains;
She has the soul of empire — a commonwealth
Whose infancy is strong.

— *Freeman E. Miller*

30, 1636 Roger Williams Banished from Massachusetts

Roger Williams journeyed in the forest lone,
Far from the haunts of persecuting men,
That he might break of honesty the bread,
And blessing crave in his own way, again.
His hatchet, with resounding stroke,
Hewed down the boscage that round him rose;
The dry branches of the brittle pine he broke
To yield him fuel for the night's repose.
The fired flint the kindling flame awoke
And light on night's seated darkness broke.
Of the piled brush a seat and board he made,
Spread his plain fare and piously prayed.

— *Job Durfee*

31, 1875 Attack of the Nez Perces Indians

Hemmed in by the fierce Nez Perces, on a wild and barren hill,
Lay two cowboys, bravely fighting — one was Jack and one was Bill;
Long and well these white men battle — one by one the redskins fall,
Till at last, poor Bill falls backward, wounded by a rifle-ball.
When poor Bill fell back unconscious, Jack still fought bravely on —
Fought until the shadows lengthened and the light of day was gone.
Night came on and in the darkness, while the redskin sentries slept,
With Bill lashed across his shoulders, old Jack down a coulee crept;
Struggled over rocks and sage brush, through that long and stilly night,
Till the sunrise of the morrow brought the round-up camp in sight.

FEBRUARY

1, 1848 **Discovery of Gold in California**

("The Gold Seekers")

I saw these dreamers of dreams go by,
  I trod in their footsteps a space;
Each marched with his eyes on the sky,
  Each passed with a light on his face.
They go to a toil that is sure,
  To despair and hunger and cold;
Their sickness no warning can cure —
  They are mad with the longing for Gold.

— *Hamlin Garland*

2, 1894 **Wreck of the "Kearsarge"**

(Roncador Reef)

Roncador of Caribbee, coral dragon of the sea,
  Ever sleeping with his teeth below the wave;
Hither many a hardy rover brought his plunder,
  And found on Roncador — a shipman's grave.
Be content, O conqueror; now our bravest ship of War —
  War and tempest who had often braved before;
All her storied prowess past, strikes her glorious flag at last,
  To the formless thing that founded Roncador.

— *James Jeffrey Roche*

3, 1659 **The Exile — Thomas Macey**

Fast speed the Maceys, neck or naught — the river's course was near,
The plashing on its pebbled shore was music to their ear;
A leap — they gain the boat — and there, the goodman plies his oar:
"Ill luck betide them all," he cried — "those laggards on the shore."
Down through the crashing underwood, the burly Sheriff came:
"Hold, Goodman Macey, yield yourself — yield in the King's own name!"
"Nay, out upon your hangman's face!" bold Macey answered then,
"Whip women on the village green, but meddle not with men."
With skilful hand and wary eye the harbor-bar he crossed —
A plaything of the restless wave, the boat on ocean tossed.
They passed the gray rocks of Cape Ann and Gloucester's harbor bar;
The watchfire of the garrison shone like a setting star.
Far round the bleak and stormy Cape the venturous Macey passed,
And on Nantucket's naked isle drew up his boat at last.

— *John G. Whittier*

4, 1861 **Provisional Confederate Congress**

What! Think to bind the South? 'Tis vain!
Freedom's inheritors at birth.
Not all the leagued infernal train,
If they were mustered here on earth,
Could conquer or compel a chain
To unite us to the North again.

Soldiers to lead or sages to teach —
Deep-scienced minds of knowledge vast —
These great ones' fame, our future will
Add luster to the history of the Past.
Now, pausing on the threshold of our fate —
We have been and we shall be great.

5, 1899 Lieutenant Kilbourne at Paca Town

In Paca Town and in Paca tower,
At the height of the tropic noon-day hour;
It chanced in the line of the fiercest fire
A rebel bullet had clipped the wire;
This gap arrested the watchful eye
Of one of the signal-men galloping by.
Out of the saddle he sprang as gay
As a schoolboy taking a holiday;
Wire in hand up the pole he went
And never a glance at the enemy bent.
To the very crest he climbed, and there
While the bullets buzzed in the scorching air,
Made the wire that was severed sound,
Slipped in his careless way to the ground,
Sprang to the back of his horse — and then
Was off — the bravest of signal-men.

— *Clinton Scollard*

6, 1788 Adoption of the Constitution by Massachusetts

The Convention did in Boston meet, but State House couldn't hold 'em,
So they went to Federal Street and there the truth was told 'em.
The question being put outright (each voter independent),
The Federals agreed to adopt, and then propose amendment.
The other party, seeing then the People were against them,
Agreed like honest, faithful men to mix peace amongst them.
And then a whooping feast began — then both sides went to eating;
They drank the toasts, shook hands and sung, "Hurrah for the Convention meeting!"

7, 1781 General Greene on the Banks of the Yadkin

O'Hara knew that the cabin held
The man who so bravely foiled him;
The patriots laughed when a hail-storm rose
With a breast-work of rock to screen them.
The cabin roof, as it caught a rap,
As it now and then did by snatches,
Gave music to Greene at every tap,
As he sat and prepared despatches.
The clapboards flew like a frightened flock
Of birds in a field of clover,
And some of the staff, as they felt the shock,
Decided that all was over.
But the wary chief, with his pen in his hand,
Was putting the ink on paper.
Why should the "Son of Thunder" show fear
If a wind-blown shingle cut a caper?

8, 1690 Destruction of Schenectady, New York

(*King William's War*)

Forth from the woods of Canada, the Frenchmen took their way,
The people of Schenectady to captivate and slay;
They marched for two and twenty days, all through the deepest snow,
And on a dismal winter night, they struck the cruel blow.
The news reached Albany on Sabbath morn, just at the break of day;
Then with a company of horse, we galloped swift away.
We found the French had but just gone with all their great booty;
We their trail then did pursue as was our truest duty.
We came up with the Frenchmen and killed some twenty-five;
Our young men were so enraged they scarce took one alive.

— *Walter Wilie*

9, 1837 Seminoles Attack Fort Mellon

(Lake Monroe, Florida)

No challenge but the war-whoop. Then a shot — a dozen or more,
Like pebbles pattering down the steep the avalanche before.
Then a rush and a yell and a binding glare,
And a crash terrific resounding everywhere.
Spite the chill frost of the winter, now burns the frenzied blood.
The tottering walls rock to and fro before the driving flood.
The fort's fires flash and darken fast beneath the savage tread —
Naught now is left but smoke and wounded men — and dead.

10, 1862 Roanoke Island

As the angry storm-clouds crashing o'er the dark horizon go,
Pealing thunder, lightning flashing — so we march against the foe.
We beheld the grave-like passes, Isle of Roanoke so drear;
But we heed not her morasses, nor her blazing batteries fear.
Hark! loud roars the cannon's thunder; on we go with hearts elate —
Jersey rifles never blunder; Jersey men can meet their fate.
Four long hours we fought; the flying Rebels then gave o'er the strife,
Each poor fellow only sighing — "Jersey Bullet, spare my life!"
Blood and corpses tell the story of the Jersey Ninth's heroic fight —
Brave and firm it stood — Glory wreathes their brows with laurel bright.

— *A Loewe*

11, 1871 **David Simmons — Railroad Engineer**

(New Hamburgh, New York)

Through the packed horror of the night,
It rose up like a star,
And sailed into the infinite,
Where the immortals are.
"Down brakes!" One splendid, hard-held breath,
And lo! an unknown name
Strode into sovereignty from death,
Trailing a path of flame.
"Jump!" — "No, I remain." No needless word,
No vagueness in his breast;
Along his blood the swift test stirred —
He answered to the test;
Gripped his black peril as a vise,
And as he grappled — died —
His last act was one of sacrifice,
And David Simmons was deified.

— *Richard Realf*

12, 1809 **Birthday of Abraham Lincoln**

To make a man to meet the mortal need,
Dame Nature took the clay from the common road —
Clay warm, yet with the genial heat of Earth.
The color of the ground was in him — the red earth;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The mercy of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving-kindness of the wayside well —
It was the stuff to last for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

— *Edwin Markham*

13, 1847 Paul Venarez' Ride

Paul Venarez heard them say, in the frontier town one day,
That a band of Red Plume warriors was on the trail of death —
Heard them tell of murder done — three men killed at Rocky Run.
"They're in danger up at Crawford's," said Venarez, under breath.
Not a moment he delayed when his brave resolve was made;
"Why, man," his comrades told him, when they knew his daring plan,
"You're going straight to death"; but he answered, "Save your breath;
I may fail to get to Crawford's, but I'll do the best I can."
Sharp and keen a rifle-shot woke the echoes of the wood,
The warm blood from his side spurted out in a dark red tide.
From a branch a twig he broke and he dipped the pen of oak
In the red blood dripping from the wound below his heart:
"Flee, flee, before it is too late," he wrote. "Red Plume warriors lie in wait."
To his saddle-bow he tied it, while his lips were white with pain,
Then leaned down in the saddle and clutched a sweaty mane.
At dusk a horse bearing a message writ in blood, came panting down
To the door of the settlement, but the rider slept the sleep of death.

14, 1891 Death of William Tecumseh Sherman

Glory and honor and fame and everlasting laudation
For our captains who loved not war, but fought for the life of the Nation;
Who knew that, in all the land, one slave meant strife — not peace;
Who fought for Freedom and Glory — made war that war might cease.
But better than martial glory or the pageant of civic sorrow,
Better than the praise of to-day or the statue we may raise to-morrow,
Better than Honor and Glory and History's iron pen,
Is the thought of Duty done and the love of his fellow-men.

— Richard Watson Gilder

15, 1898 The "Maine" in Havana Harbor

There came at night a clarion call from heaven
To hero souls that unto mortal ears
Sounded the blasts of hell.
The shattered vessel, shivering in the flood
Of hostile waters, stained with martyr's blood,
Uprose and fell.
Silence was there, but in the hearts of men
Through all the echoing centuries shall roll
That thunder-peal of Spanish shell.

— *John Hall Ingham*

16, 1804 How We Burned the "Philadelphia"

Decatur spoke low and said: "To the bulwark's shadow all —
But the six who wear the Tripoli dress shall answer the sentinel's call."
Close to the frigate's side we came — made fast to her unforbid —
Six of us bold in the heathen dress — the rest of us lying hid.
But one who saw us hiding there, "Americano," cried;
Then straight we rose and made a dash up the vessel's side.
Less than one hundred men were we, and the heathen were twenty score;
But a Yankee sailor in those days liked odds of one to four.
The heathen fought like devils all, but one by one they fell,
Swept from the deck by our cutlasses to the water — and to hell.
Then out to sea we sailed once more, with all round light as day;
The burning ship showed a hundred sail of the heathen in the bay; —
Then suddenly the red light paled and the rain rang out on the sea;
Then — a dazzling flash, a deafening roar, between us and Tripoli.

— *Barrett Eastman*

17, 1778 Lord North's Racantation

When North first began
With his taxation plan
The Colonies all to supplant,
Of Freedom so dear,
Not a word would he hear,
Nor believe he'd be forced to recant.

With all their bombast
Parliament bent, at last,
To silence his imperial rant,
Who, for want of success,
Could at last do no less
Than to draw in his horns and recant.

18, 1861 Jefferson Davis Inaugurated President of the Confederacy

With love beyond expression,
We honored and revered
The President of the Confederacy
Who our Ship of State then steered.
'Twas with a careful, steadfast hand
He held the helm of state;
When shipwreck came, 'mid war's wild storm,
He bravely met his fate.

19, 1857 Death of Elisha Kent Kane

He needs no tears, who lived his noble life!
We will not weep for him who died so well;
But we will gather round the hearth and tell
The story of his strife;
Such homage suits him well,
Better than funeral pomp or tolling bell.
No grander episode doth chivalry hold
In all its annals back to Charlemagne,
Than that lone vigil of unceasing pain
Faithfully kept through
Hunger and through cold
By that good Christian knight — Elisha Kane.

— *Fitz-James O'Brien*

20, 1756 Acadian Exiles from Nova Scotia Reach Iberia

Merry was the meeting of ancient comrades and neighbors;
Friend clasped friend in his arms, and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by a gentle bond of a common country together.
The herdsman spake to his guests, who listened and smiled as they listened:
"Welcome, once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is perchance better than the old one.
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."

— *Henry W. Longfellow*

21, 1741 **Vitus Behring's Voyage to Alaska**

Two small vessels, rudely fashioned,
Steered for a new, wild country;
But a sad hour came when signals
Failed to bring returning answers.
Behring's ship made aimless headway,
Till it drifted toward the mainland —
To the coast of wild Alaska.
Behring saw the land, then closing
Once for all his weary eyelids,
Left his ashes, as a tribute
To the land whereon he landed.

— *Bushrod W. James*

22, 1732 **Birthday of George Washington**

Pale February comes once again,
Brings, in its annual rounds, the morn
When greatest of the sons of men —
Our glorious Washington — was born.

— *William Cullen Bryant*

23, 1847 **Buena Vista**

Our light troops, driven from the hills, retreat in wild dismay,
And round us gather, thick and dark, the Mexican array.
Santa Ana thinks the day is gained; for now, approaching near,
Miñon's dark cloud of Lancers sternly menace our rear.
Again our line advances! see, Jeff Davis fronts the foe,
And back before his rifles, in red waves, the Lancers flow.
"Forward! Gallop!" Ah, they come again — Bragg climbs the ridge,
And his grape sweeps down the swarming foe as a strong man moweth sedge.
"Upon them yet once more, ye braves!" The avalanche is stayed —
Back roll the Aztec multitudes, all broken and dismayed.

— *Albert Pike*

24, 1862 **Hetty McEwen**

Over Nashville floated the crimson Bars,
And only one flag of the Stripes and Stars;
Deep the oath and dark the frown,
And loud the shout: "Tear the Union rag down!"
Hetty McEwen heard the hoarse and angry cry,
Her blood of '76 rose high.
"Under the roof where that flag flies,
Now my son on his death-bed lies;
Born where that flag floated high,
Under its folds he shall surely die."
Then, cheer, boys, cheer — give three times three
For the bravest woman in Tennessee.

— *Lucy Hamilton Hooper*

25, 1750 **The Wreck of the "Two Polleys"**

'Twas a starless night and drifting clouds, and angry heaved the seas;
But a pink stern craft was under sail — her name was the "Two Polleys."
She was built at Mount Desert and what might her cargo be?
She was a long time on the Banks, while there was very lucky.
All unconcerned was Skipper Bond — he was not a man to flag,
When he struck a breeze in the "Two Polleys" he gave her every rag.
Alas! next morn when the sun shone on the shore of Richmond Isle,
There lay only a broken mast and a tattered sail, half-buried in the sand.

— *Nathaniel Deering*

26, 1887 Last Public Service of Henry Ward Beecher

The preacher's evening task was done; the crowd had gone away;
But something pleaded in his heart a little while to stay.
For him alone the organ pealed; for him alone the choir
Sang soft and low in sweet accent, the song of his desire:
"I heard the voice of Jesus say, 'Come unto Me and rest.' "
What prophecy for him was there, how little any guessed.
There came two urchins from the street, on each was poverty's trace;
The old man bowed and lifted up a soiled and homeless face.
He kissed them as a mother might — then turned and left the place;
A loving hand each boy's head pressed — so out the entrance door —
Out, little thinking as he went that never, any more
His willing feet should inward go that sacred threshold o'er.

27, 1807 Birthday of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The New World's sweetest singer! Time may lay
Rude touch on some, thy betters, yet for thee
Thy seat is where the throned immortals be.
As fair and fresh as children of the May,
Thy verse springs up from wood and sun-bathed lea;
Across Acadian fields one moves with pensive face —
Evangeline, his heart thy love reveals.

— *Craven L. Betts*

28, 1854 "The Black Warrior" in Havana Harbor

They had sailed from out the Southland, bound by pity for the oppressed;
With "Old Glory" floating o'er them, outward bound on Mercy's quest;
They had sailed into that harbor where the crimson waters cry,
Where the Spaniards jeered in anger as they saw poor Cubans die.
Little dreamed they that in vengeance, God was watching from on high,
That He heard those blood-stained billows lifting voices to the sky.
Down beneath those Spanish waters sank the "Black Warrior" and her crew,
As they sought to rescue Cuba — 'twas the old tale, ever new.

MARCH

1, 1837 — The Voice of Webster

What do they tell me of that storied voice,
Breathing an upper air, in which he dwelt,
'Mid shifting clouds, mountains of resolve,
And falling like Sierra's flood,
Waking Yosemite from its sleep of snow —
And less by warmth than by its massive power.
Eager, men linger as listeners;
Eager, they hear that miracle of speech
And note the hushed wonder as it falls.

— *Robert Underwood Johnson*

2, 1864 — Death of Ulric Dahlgren

(*Ambushed at King and Queen C. H., Virginia*)

He bends unto his saddle-bow,
The steeds they follow, two and two;
Their flanks are wet with foam and sweat,
Their riders' locks are damp with dew,
A sharp affright runs through the night,
An ambush stirred, a column reined;
The hurrying steed has checked his speed,
His smoking flanks are crimson stained.
O life so pure! O faith so sure!
O heart so brave and true and strong!
With tips of flame is writ your name,
In annalled deed and storied song!

— *Kate Brownlee Sherwood*

3, 1865 Establishment of the Freedman's Bureau

(*"Howard in Atlanta"*)

Right in the track where Sherman ploughed his red furrow,
Out from the narrow cabin, up fron the cellar's burrow,
Gathered the little black people, with freedom newly dowered;
And beside the northern teacher stood the soldier, Howard.
Smiling, he said: "Who ever hears you can never fear nor doubt you;
What shall I tell the children of the north about you?"
Then round ran a whisper — a murmur — some answer devising,
And a little boy stood up — "Massa, tell them we're rising!"
Yes, the curse of the races held both in tether —
They are rising — all are rising, the black and the white together.

4, 1863 Death of Alexander Hamilton Stephens, C. S. A.

Last of a stalwart time and race gone by,
That simple, stately, God-appointed band,
Who wrought alone to glorify their land;
With lives built high on Truth's eternity
While placemen plot and flatterers fawn or lie
And foul corruption, wave on wave expand.

— *Paul Hamilton Hayne*

5, 1770 The Boston Massacre

When the bullets leaped from the British guns, no chance decreed their aim;
Men saw what the royal hirelings saw — a multitude and a flame;
But beyond the flame, a mystery; five dying men in the street —
How the streams of severed nations in that disaster meet.
Shall we take for a sign this Negro slave — this Crispus Attucks by name,
The first to defy and the first to die — with Maverick, Carr and Gray of Fame?
Call it riot or revolution, his hand first clenched at the crown;
His feet were first in a perilous place to pull the king's flag down;
His breast was the first one rent apart that Liberty's stream might flow,
For our Freedom now and forever, his head was the first laid low.

— *John Boyle O'Reilly*

6, 1836 Defense of the "Alamo"

"Surrender or die!" — "Men, what will you do?"
And Travis, great Travis, drew sword quick and strong.
"I die with my wounded in the Alamo!"
Then came Santa Ana; — a crescent of flame!
Then the red escalade; the fight, hand to hand,
All day — all day and night and the morning — so slow —
Then silence. Such silence! Two thousand lay dead
In the crescent outside; and within — not a breath.
— *Joaquin Miller*

7, 1778 "The Randolph"

(*Blown up in a Fight at Barbadoes*)

What distant thunder rends the skies,
What clouds of smoke in volumes rise —
Red lightnings round them glow;
The "Yarmouth" boasts of sixty-four,
The "Randolph," thirty-two — no more —
And will she fight this foe?
E'en in the hour when conquest came,
An arrow, tipped with fire — a pointed flame,
Which even Biddle could not stave.
He conquered, though — the "Yarmouth" fled,
The bursting "Randolph" ruin spread
And sank to a watery grave.—*Philip Freneau*

8, 1862 How the "Cumberland" went Down

"We'll give them another broadside, my boys, as she goes."
"We will! we will!" rose the full earnest cry.
A broadside — a broadside, we'll give them again,
Then for God and the Right nobly die.
No blenching — no faltering, still fearless all seem;
Each man, firm to duty doth bide;
A flash, and a broadside — a shout — a careen —
And the "Cumberland" sinks 'neath the tide.
— *Elizabeth T. Porter Beach*

9, 1847 **Landing of American Troops at Vera Cruz**

The surf-boats touch the ship's tall side,
Along the lee they smoothly glide;
Impatient waits the gallant guide —
Down, down descend with rapid stride.
The sea-walls shake with thunder riven!
Around war's red bolts are driven;
Above, still floats the bird of Heaven —
Strive, brothers, as ye ne'er have striven.
"Follow, my boys, with flag in hand" —
We breast the surf — we gain the sand.
Our eagle rules the Aztec sky —
Comrades — now cheer for Victory!

—George W. Patten

10, 1898 **The War-Ship "Dixie"**

They've named a cruiser "Dixie,"
That's what the papers say;
And I hear they're going to man her
With boys that wore the gray
That means we're all united —
The war hurt's healed away,
And "'Way Down South in Dixie"
Is national to-day.

—Frank L. Stanton

11, 1874 **Death of Charles Sumner**

He set his face against the blast,
His feet against the flinty shard,
Till the hard service grew, at last,
Its own exceeding great reward.
The subtlest scheme of compromise
Was folly to his purpose bold,
The strongest mesh of party lies
Weak to the simplest truth he told,
And when the hour supreme had come,
Not for himself a thought he gave;
In that last pang of martyrdom
His care was for the half-freed slave.

— *John G. Whittier*

12, 1898 **The Voice of the "Oregon"**

You have called to me, my brothers, from your far-off eastern sea,
To join with you, my brothers, to set a prostrate people free;
You have called to me, my brothers, to join to yours my might,
The slaughterers of our brethren with our armed hands to smite.
I pray you wait, my brothers, for the air with war is rife,
And in courtesy of knighthood, I claim to share the strife.
In the winds that blow about me, the voices of the dead
Are calling to me, brothers, to urge my topmost speed.
I am coming to you, brothers, wait but a little while;
On the thunders of our greetings shall the God of vengeance smile;
In the flashings and the crashings, the universe shall see
How we pay our debts of honor — we mailed knights of the sea.

— *H. J. D. Browne*

13, 1862 Capture of New Madrid, Missouri

A storm-cloud all aglow, with flashes of fiery red —
The thunder raging below and the forest of flags o'erhead.
So grand was the hurly and roar; so fiercely our broadsides blazed,
The regiments ashore forgot to fire as astonished they gazed.
And ever, with steady con, our ship forged ahead —
While ever the crew fought on, 'mid the dying and the dead.
New Madrid's tale of the old, and that day's glory's gone by —
Had you glanced, as evening's sun set, "Old Glory," you'd seen on high. — *Henry Howard Brownell*

14, 1901 Death of Benjamin Harrison

He has won peace at last — the peace that knows
In dreamless tides, no hint of war nor tears —
There falls, where once his dauntless voice arose,
The silence of the years.
Full on his forehead fell the expiring light
Of old wreathed altars where his fathers died,
While the new century fell upon the sight,
He breasted death's dark tide.
—*Charles E. Russell*

15, 1697 Pentucket (Haverhill), Massachusetts

What is that tread of many feet, which downward from the hillside beat?
What forms are those which darkly stood just on the margin of the wood?
A yell, the dead might wake to hear, swelled on the night air, far and near,
Then smote the Indian tomahawk on crashing door and shattering lock —
Then rang the rifle-shot — and then the shrill death-scream of stricken men;
Bursting through roof and window came, red, fast and fierce, the kindling flame;
And here and there the mangled slain told how that midnight bolt had sped. — *John G. Whittier*

16, 1775 **Running the Blockade**

When that foreign fleet lay in Massachusetts Bay,
A clipper schooner, worn and rough and forlorn,
Chafing, impatient, sore, one day along the shore
Its way it slowly bore;
Sails fluttering in the air so cool and unafraid,
The British sailors stare till suddenly they note the jade
Is running the blockade.
They fell to swearing — their full share and more
At the cargo, they had lost; then with a roar,
They cursed the heavier the Yankee jade
Who so successfully ran the blockade.

— *Nora Perry*

17, 1775 **Birthday of Daniel Boone**

(*Founder of Kentucky*)

'Tis true he shrank from neighbors, even of his nation;
When they moved up to his darling trees,
He moved some hundred miles off, for a station
Where there were no houses and more ease.

18, 1902 **The Men of Monomoy**

(*Cape Cod Life Saving Station*)

Brave were the men of Monomoy, who went with willing hand
To bring their storm-wrecked fellow men through an angry sea to land.
The wreck was made, the boat turned back, when a monster wave swept o'er,
And swallowed the boat of Monomoy — and the crew were seen no more.
Noble were the men of Monomoy — men whose names shall never fade;
No soldiers on the battle-field e'er nobler sacrifice made.
Tell their story, far and wide — ring the bells with mournful toll
For the valiant sons of Monomoy who sleep on Handkerchief Shoal.

— *Joe Cone*

19, 1861 **Melt the Church Bells**

(*Beauregard's Appeal*)

Melt the bells, melt the bells,
Into cannon, vast and grim,
And the foe shall feel the ire
From those heaving lungs of fire.
So we put our trust in Him
And our old-time church bells.

— *F. Y. Rockett*

20, 1720 **Alec Yeaton's Son**

The wind wailed and the wind moaned; the white caps flecked the sea;
"I would to God," the skipper cried, "I had not my boy with me."
On them burst a storm to make one quail, though housed from winds and waves;
They, who could tell about that gale, must rise from a watery grave.
Now, as the mooning mist grew thin, the folk on Gloucester shore
Saw a little figure floating in, secure on a broken oar.
Long did they marvel in the town at God's most strange decree,
That let the stalwart skipper drown and the little child go free

— *Thomas Bailey Aldrich*

21, 1884 **"The Mugwump Campaign"**

(*Wanted—Men*)

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and steady hands;
Men, whom the lust of office will not kill;
Men, whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men, who possess opinions and a will;
Men, who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men, who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

— *J. G Holland*

22, 1820 Death of Commodore Stephen Decatur

Thou starry streamer — symbol of the free,
Shining by day and night on land and wave,
Sometimes obscured in battle — ne'er in shame,
The guide — the boast — the arbiter of fame!
Wave in grateful 'membrance near,
And beam forever on Decatur's bier.

— *William Crafts*

23, 1775 Patrick Henry

Hear those words of forceful aim;
Every syllable a flame —
"They have forged our massive chains
Clank they now on Boston's plains,
Rushlike, shall we bow the head,
Yield our heaven-born rights because
'Tis a crown that issues laws?
Higher than the crown arise
Human hopes and liberties.
Must war inevitably reach our home —
Let it come, then, let it come.
Aye, were this my expiring breath —
Give me Liberty or give me Death!"

24, 1898 "No Precedent"

No Precedent, ye say
To point the glorious way
Toward helping one downtrod in blood and tears —
Humanity and God
Call us to paths untrod —
On, brothers, on! we follow not — but lead!"

— *Robert Mowry Bell*

25, 1911 The New York Holocaust

We utter thankful prayer that we live in an age of light,
Where Justice reigns and Truth obtains for each an equal right;
But what of those seven score souls by the cruel fire-fiend slain —
Were they not the price of a sacrifice to the god of Greed for Gain?
Why were they caged alive 'mid the flame's remorseless breath,
To smother there in hellish glare or to leap to an awful death?
A legal search was made for the one who was to blame —
But they found at last, as in all times past, that Avarice was his name.

— *Carleton G. Garretson*

26, 1898 A Voice from the Old Boys Left Behind

Yes, we marched in the ranks to the station, escorting the "boys" of to-day,
And the youngsters enjoyed the ovation as if 'twas a new kind of play.
You see it's history repeating — how easy and natural it came,
When the '61 drums were beating their rat-a-tat to Glory and Fame,
We were escorted to the station, by an older and younger generation.
God bless the boys of to-day — they're the best boys in creation.

— *John H. Jewett*

27, 1865 Louis Agassiz Starts for South America

How the mountains talked together, looking down upon the weather,
When they heard our friend had planned his little trip among the Andes;
How they bared their snowy scalps to the slumber of the Alps.
"I am tall," says Chimborazo, "but I'll wait for him to say so."
"He must see me, Cotopaxi. Aye," the fire-peak thunders, "he must see my wonders —
I'm but an humble crater, but I'll have him for spectator."

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes*

28, 1814 The " Essex " and the " Phebe " in the Harbor of Valparaiso

Ah, never braver bark and crew
Nor bolder flag a foe to dare
Had left a wake on ocean blue,
Since Lion-Heart sailed *Trenc-le-Mer.*
We floated into Chilian harbor,
We fought — we won — our ardor grew
As at every peak and mast-head flew
The victorious Red, White and Blue.

— *Henry Howard Brownell*

29, 1850 " No Compromise "

In vain will timorous ones essay
To set the metes and bounds of Liberty;
For Freedom is its own eternal law —
It makes its own conditions, and in storm
Or calm alike fulfils the unerring will.

— *John Hay*

30, 1867 Alaska

(*Purchased from Russia*)

Ice built, ice bound and ice bounded —
Such cold seas of silence ! such room!
Such snow-light — such sea-light confounded
With thunder that smites like doom!
Such grandeur! such glory! such gloom!
Hear that boom! Hear that deep, distant boom
Of an avalanche hurled down on this unfinished world.

— *Joaquin Miller*

31, 1851 Commodore Perry Concludes the " Open Door " Treaty with Japan

Our Perry greets the Mikado; all ages grow divine,
Distance is dead, the past a dream, the glory all is thine.
Ready always to die for truth beneath whatever sun —
Through you alone, we're clasping hands — and all the world is one!

APRIL

1, 1873 **Wreck of the "Atlantic"**

They looked their last, wet-eyed, on Swedish hills,
  On German villages and English dales;
Like brooks that flow from many mountain rills,
  The peasant stream flowed out from Irish vales.
God's hand sustained the parting woe,
  And gave bright visions to the heart of each;
God's waters bore them where they wished to go —
  Then dashed them lifeless on the very beach.

2, 1865 **The Fall of Richmond**

What mean those peals from every tower,
  And crowds like seas that sway?
Cannon reply; they speak the heart
  Of a people impassioned and say in awe —
God is in Heaven and Grant's in town,
  And Right through Might is Law.

— *Herman Melville*

3, 1864 **The New York Sanitary Fair**

(*The Children's Table*)

We have toiled with busy fingers many days to gather here
Little treasures that might tempt you, with full purses to draw near.
Little hands we have, but willing — little hearts, but loving well
Those who languish sorely wounded — those who fill a prisoner's cell.
Give then, O generous people, ready purchase to our wares,
And we'll give you a children's blessing, won from heaven by children's prayers.

4, 1862 **"Shoot Him on the Spot!"**

(*Governor John Dix*)

When Rebellion's impious hand,
Darkened o'er the loyal land,
Threatening its old flag unfurled,
Like a star-burst from the world —
Well our Dix, the firm-souled, cried:
"He who first that flag would lower,
SHOOT HIM ON THE SPOT!"

— *William Ross Wallace*

5, 1614 **Marriage of Pocahontas**

Beneath a trellised bower,
Rudely constructed on that sandy shore,
Her plighted troth the forest maiden gave,
Ere sought the skiff that bore them on the wave.
Short was the word that pledged triumphant love —
That vow that claims its registry above;
And few the worshippers beneath that pure cope
Which emblems to the soul eternal hope,
As at the altar knelt, with hearts serene,
The gallant soldier and the dark-browed Queen.

— *M. M. Webster*

6, 1908 Robert E. Peary Discovers the North Pole

'Twas a wild, mad dash, but he gained the goal,
And the nations heard the story,
How Robert E. Peary reached the North Pole
And planted up there "Old Glory."
Through the winter's night, through the cold and gloom,
No light but the Aurora Borealis;
While grim death ever stalked in the frozen track,
As his senses grew numb and more callous.
On, on with a zeal unequaled before,
O'er treacherous lead and icy-crowned crag;
Till the North Pole was reached and to it was nailed
The Stars and the Stripes — the United States flag.

— *Nellie Urner Wallington*

7, 1862 Shiloh

Through the pauses of the night,
That followed that Sunday fight
Around the church of Shiloh —
The church so lone — the log-built one,
Foemen at morn, but friends at eve —
What like a bullet can undeceive?
They both lie low
And all is hushed at Shiloh.

— *Herman Melville*

8, 1898 Uncle Sam's Spring Cleaning

"There's a heap of rubbish dumped about the patient seas,
And all the cleaning heretofore has been a sham;
It is time for my Spring cleaning — I hope you catch my meaning —
For I'm going to clean 'em out," said Uncle Sam.
"On the Philippines, a dump-ground for the mediæval truck
And the old miasmal rubbish heap of Spain;
And I'll clean off Porto Rico, and I'm going to wipe it dry,
And poor infested Cuba shall, at last, be clean.
I'll wipe 'em off with my army mop, then they'll all be quite new,
And you won't find any more rubbish heaps of Spain.

— *Samuel Walter Foss*

9, 1865 The Surrender at Appomattox

Hark to the bugle-blow, and hear the roll of the drum;
And there, with martial step and slow, two contending armies come;
These are the men who met as foes and on the ground we see,
Side by side, in peace repose — the swords of Grant and Lee.
Above them high "Old Glory" waves — for each, Fame's deathless star —
The bravest of the brave who led those famous ranks in war;
Their fame resounds from coast to coast, from mountain top to sea;
No other land than ours could boast the swords of Grant and Lee.

10, 1866

The Klu-Klux-Klan

We have sent him seeds of the melon's core,
And nailed a warning upon his door;
By the Klu-Klux laws, we can do no more.
The clouds shall flush with a wilder glare
Than the lightning makes with its angled flare,
When the Klu-Klux Verdict is given there;
Only the signature written grim,
At the end of the message brought to him —
A hempen rope — a twisted limb.

— *Madison Cawein*

11, 1889

Johnny Bartholomew

Away in Nevada, a railroad tunnel afire,
And the volume of smoke, as it gathered and rolled,
Shook fearful dismay from each dun-colored fold,
But daunted not Johnny Bartholomew.
"If we falter, those people behind us are dead —
Close the door, fireman, we'll send her ahead."
Firm grasping the bell-rope and holding his breath —
On, on, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.
With a rush and a roar, like the wild tempest's blast,
To the free air beyond, to safety they passed —
The engineer's name — Johnny Bartholomew.

— *Thomas Dunn English*

12, 1861 **Bombardment of Fort Sumter**

Swift we learned that far away,
Round the fort in Charleston Bay,
Hung the dark, impending fray,
Soon to fall;
And that Sumter's brave defender
Had the royal summons to surrender
Seventy loyal hearts and tender —
Those were all.
Soon we knew the April sun,
Lit the length of many a gun —
Host of batteries 'gainst one
Island crag.— *Edmund Clarence Stedman*

13, 1606 **First Attempt to Settle Maine**

First dwellers on New England's rock-bound soil,
Children of luxury, hardy sons of toil,
Together suffered and together prayed.
But hark! a cry of horror broke their deep repose,
The wails of women beset by savage foes,
Dark Desolation reigns where homes were made.
— *Maria W. Hackleton*

14, 1861 **Abraham Lincoln**

(*Assassinated*)

Our hearts with their anguish are broken,
Our wet eyes are dim;
For us is the loss and the sorrow —
The triumph for him —
Swift from earth, face to face with the Father,
Our martyr then stood;
Giving into His hand a white record,
With its great seal of blood!—*Phœbe Cary*

15, 1889 **Death of Father Damien of Hawaii**

O God, the cleanest offering
Of tainted earth below,
Unblushing, to Thy feet we bring —
A leper, white as snow.

— *Father John Tabb*

16, 1863 **Running the Batteries**

(*Vicksburg*)

Unspied, we went — a third — a fourth
Gunboat and transport, in Indian file
Upon the warpath, smooth from the North;
But the watch, could they hope to beguile?
The manned river batteries stretch far mile on mile.
At last, we're out of the range, but our barge is on fire;
Shoreward in yawls those sailors fly;
The gauntlet is run — we're through the barrier
That menaced everyone,
And Porter has proved the son of brave sire.

— *Herman Melville*

17, 1492 **Columbus Before Ferdinand and Isabella**

St. Stephen's cloistered hall was proud,
In learning's pomp that day,
For there a robed and stately crowd
Pressed on in long array.
A mariner, with simple chart,
Confronts that conclave high,
Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time
Thy splendid dream shall crown;
Yon western hemisphere sublime thou
To thankless Spain shalt show.

— *Lydia Huntley Sigourney*

18, 1906 **San Francisco**

(*Destroyed by Earthquake*)

Who now dare longer trust thy mother hand?
Trustful of thee, all-happy in thy care,
The favorite flower of all thy western sand,
Happy as fair. That was she yesterday.
To-day the sea is sobbing her sad name;
She cannot answer — she that loved thee best,
That clung to thee till Hell's own shock and flame
Wrenched her — swept her, from thy forgetting breast.
— *John Vance Cheney*

19, 1775 **Battle of Lexington**

When to Hardy's hill, their weary, waxing-fainter footsteps brought them,
There the stout Provincials brought the wolves to bay and fought them;
And though often backward beaten, still returned the foe to follow,
Making forts on every hill-top and redoubts of every hollow.
With nine hundred came Lord Percy, sent by startled Gage to meet them,
For he scoffed at those who suffered such a horde of boors to beat them.
But his scorn was turned to anger, when on front and flank were falling,
From the fences, walls and roadsides, drifts of leaden hail appalling.
The wounded, in their litters, pallid, weak and gory,
In a language clear and certain, told the Lexington bloody story.
— *Thomas Dunn English*

20, 1892 Oklahoma Opened for Settlers

Lo! across the desert margins stepped
Progression's mighty legions, and one blast
From her transforming trumpet filled the last
Lone covert where affrighted wildness crept.
She sits among the empires of the earth,
Her proud achievements o'er the nation tower,
Won by her people with their royal worth,
Of culture, wisdom, wealth and power,

— *Joaquin Miller*

21, 1836 The Fight at San Jacinto

The drummer tucked his sticks in his belt, the fifer gripped his gun,
And with one free, wild Texan yell, we took the slope at a run!
Deaf Smith rode straight, with reeking spur, into the shock and rout —
"I've hacked and burned the bayou bridge — there'll be no sneak's back-way out."
But never a shout nor a shot we spent, nor an oath nor a prayer that day,
Till we faced the braves, eye for eye — and then we blazed away.
Then we knew the rapture of Ben Milam and the glory that Travis made,
With Bowie's lunge and Crockett's shot and Fannin's dancing blade.
We bridged the bog with the sprawling herd that fell in that frantic rout —
We slew and slew till the sun set red and the Texan star flashed out.

— *John Williamson Palmer*

22, 1665 **The Red River Voyageur**

(*Founding the Mission of La Point, Wisconsin*)

The angel of shadow gives warning that day shall be no more.
Is it the voice of the North Wind that comes from the distant shore?
The *voyaguer* smiles as he listens to the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing of the bells of St. Boniface.
The bells of the Roman Mission that call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river and the hunter on the plain.

— *John G. Whittier*

23, 1823 **A Strange Craft**

I have been on the wild Mississippi tide,
I have crested the waves of the ocean wide;
In the thick night I have tempted the pitiless shore
Off Labrador; I have scraped my keel
O'er coral rocks in Madagascar's seas;
But not in all my rough experience, have I before
Met a full-rigged Methodist meeting house.
Now Yankee legends long will tell the tale
That once a Charleston schooner was beset
Off the coast of Martha's Vineyard,
Riding at anchor, by a drifting meeting house.

24, 1862 **The Varuna**

(*The Battle for the Mississippi*)

Crippled and leaking, she entered the battle,
Sinking and burning, she fought through the fray;
Crushed were her sides, and the waves ran across her,
Ere, like a death-wounded lion at bay,
Sternly she closed in the last fatal grapple,
Then, in her triumph, moved grandly away.

— *George Henry Boker*

25, 1777 Burning of Fairfield, Connecticut

Vain was the widow's, vain the orphan's cry,
Vain the dumb grief of supplicating age.
Could Tryon hope to quench the patriot flame,
Or make his deeds survive in glory's page?
Long dusky wreaths of smoke, reluctant driven,
On black'ning volumes o'er the landscape bend;
In fierce eddies round the tottering walls,
Emitting sparks, the lighter fragments fly;
With fearful crash, the burning village falls —
The work of years in glowing embers lie.

— David Humphrey

26, 1782 The " Hyder Ally" and the " General Monk"

"Let who will be the survivor, we must conquer or must die;
We must take her up the river, what'er comes of you or I."
Captain Barney rated justly all his brave and gallant crew,
Soon the langrage, grape and chain-shot from the "Hyder Ally" flew.
From the foe's masts dead men tumbled and the streams of blood did flow,
Then their proudest hopes were humbled by the brave inferior foe.
Soon the "Monk's" proud flag descended, and her cannon ceased to roar;
By her crew no more defended, she confessed the conflict o'er.

— Philip Freneau

27, 1805 **Derne**

(*Stormed by Americans under Gen. William Eaton*)

What dark mass, down the mountain-sides,
Swift-pouring, like a stream divides?
Near and more near; now o'er them falls
The shadow of the city walls —
'Tis done — the horned crescent falls!
The star-flag floats the broken walls —
In sullen wrath the conquered Moor,
Wide open flings yon dungeon door.
With welcome words and grasping hands —
The victor and deliverer stands.

— *John G. Whittier*

28, 1769 **San Diego, California**

What shall I say of the sun-born pueblo?
This town sudden-born in the path of the sun?
This town of St. James, of the calm San Diego,
As suddenly born as if shot from a gun?
The vast argent seas of the Aztec — or Cortez —
The boundless white border of the battle-torn lands —
The fall of Napoleon, the rise of red Juarez —
The footfalls of nations are heard on her sands.

— *Joaquin Miller*

29, 1852 Louis Kossuth in Faneuil Hall

Who shall be Freedom's mouthpiece? Who shall give
Her welcoming cheer to the great fugitive?
Who shall receive him? Who unblushingly speak
Welcome to him, who, while he strove to break
The Austrian yoke from Magyar neck, smote off
At the same blow, the fetters from the serf.
Oh! for the tongue of him who lies at rest,
Last of the Puritan tribunes and the best —
To hail the coming of the noblest guest
The Old World's wrong has given to the New World of the West.

— *John G. Whittier*

30, 1803 Louisiana

(*Purchased from France*)

Land of the mocking bird, sunlight and beauty;
Land where the willows bend over the stream;
Land where the odor of sweet-scented flowers
Enraptures the senses and nurtures a dream.
Land where the ladies are fairer than Eden;
Land where the men are chivalrous and brave;
Land where the hero lives ever in story,
While tears of affection drop over his grave.

MAY

1, 1898 **Manila Bay**

As early daylight broke upon
The Bay — before the rise of sun,
Was seen the flash of opening gun —
Back and forth in angry might,
The Stars and Stripes waved on the fight,
'Midst bursting shell in deadly flight —
Spain's ships — the batteries on shore
Were gone — to fight again no more,
Humbled by our Commodore!
Dawned on the fleet that Dewey led
A miracle — while Spaniards bled,
On our side, was not one dead.

— *Corwin P. Ross*

2, 1863 **Keenan's Charge**

(*Battle of Chancellorsville*)

"They've trapped us, boys," rose from the flank a voice.
On came the Rebels straight, eager as love and wild as hate.
"Charge, major — do your best; hold the enemy back at all cost,
Till my guns are placed; — else the army's lost! We must save the rest!"
Keenan looked in Pleasanton's eyes an instant — clear, cool and still,
Then he smiled and said, "I will!"
"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank; their ringing cheer ran from rank to rank.
Rode well those men, each brave as his fellow, in their faded coats of blue and yellow,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close on twice ten thousand gallant foes.
Rode in and sabred and shot — and fell; not one came back the story to tell.
Line after line; ay, whole platoons struck dead in their saddles, those brave dragoons
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

— *George Parsons Lathrop*

3, 1863 **"The Brigade Must Not Know, Sir!"**

(*"Stonewall" Jackson Mortally Wounded*)

"Who comes next?" Doctor, speak low, speak low, sir.
Don't let the men find out!
It's 'Stonewall!' "God!" "The brigade must not know, sir,
While there's a foe about."
"Whom have we here — shrouded in martial manner,
Crowned with a martyr's charm?"
A grand, dead hero, in a living banner,
Born of his heart and arm.

4, 1842 **Banishment of the Seminoles**

Atlassa led them forth, they knew not where;
He followed with them o'er the mournful wave;
They halted in the wilderness, and there
The humble hunter waited to enslave.
To front again stepped their leader brave,
And when the foe came on, with haughty stride,
A death-blow to his insolence he gave.
Then came the weary march through forests wide,
Till they passed beyond the Rio Grande's safe tide.

— *Albert A. Whitman*

5, 1864 **The Battle of the Wilderness**

(*The Unknown Dead*)

Silence and solitude now may hint
The din that here befell,
The striving multitude,
The iron hail and spheres of death
Now girt about in rust.

— *Herman Melville*

6, 1541 **Discovery of Alabama**

Bruised and bleeding, pale and weary,
Onward to the South and West,
Through dark woods and deserts dreary,
By relentless foemen pressed.
Came the explorer, as eve, darkling,
Disclosed a mighty river's breast;
Then he cried, his faint eyes sparkling,
"Alabama! Here we rest!"

— *Charles T. Brooks*

7, 1771 **Alamance**

No stately column marks the hallowed place
Where, silent sleeps unurned, their sacred dust;
The first free martyrs of a glorious race —
Their fame — a people's wealth — a Nation's trust.
No stern ambition waved them to the deed,
In Freedom's cause they nobly dared to die.
The first to conquer and the first to bleed,
"God and their Country's right," their battle-cry.
Still brighter blaze, o'er all the earth, thy name,
Thou first-fought field of Freedom — Alamance.

— *Seymour W. Whiting*

8, 1846 **"The Guns in the Grass"**

(*Battle of Palo Alto, Mexico*)

As hang two mighty thunder-clouds ere lightnings link the twain,
So lie we and the Mexican on Palo Alto plain.
"Old Rough and Ready" scans the foe; "I'd like to know," said he,
"Whether or no that lofty grass conceals artillery."
Then forward steps Lieutenant Blake, touches his hat and says:
"I wait command to ride and see what 'neath that prairie lays."
"Command!" cries Taylor; "Nay, I ne'er to such a deed command!"
Then bends he o'er his horse's neck and takes as brave a hand
As e'er a loyal sabre bore. "God bless you, Blake," he says — no more.
Swift forward flies Blake, his steed unreined until the hillcrest is gained —
He turns, remounts, and cross the prairie rings — a gun — Ah, no, a deafening shout,
A roar that shakes the earth; then that unmasked center speaks,
That noble tribute sweeps the plain — Greaser and Mexican join the strain.
'Gainst them, with fearful odds, we fight till set of sun,
But the field of Palo Alto is gloriously won.—*Thomas Frost*

9, 1725 **Battle of Lovell's Pond**

The warriors that fight for their country and bleed
Sink swift to their rest, both rider and steed;
They died in their glory, surrounded by Fame,
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim.

—*Henry W. Longfellow*

10, 1775 **The Surprise at Ticonderoga**

In silence and shadow the boats were pushed from shore;
Strong hands laid down the musket to ply the muffled oar.
Four score and three they landed, just as the morning gray
Gave warning on the hill-tops to rest not or delay.
They swarm o'er the barracks — the quaking guards take flight,
And such a shout exultant resounds along the height.
"In the name of great Jehovah!" Allen speaks with lifted sword,
"And the Continental Congress who wait upon His word!"
Delaplace, with eagle glances, looking down the triple line,
Saw, in that early morning, each even barrel shine.
These men of common guise, on Freedom's roster through these years
Are mentioned with distinction — Ethan Allen and his Volunteers

—*Mary A. P. Stansbury*

11, 1898 **"Cut the Cables"**

(*Cienfuegos*)

They dragged and grappled and faltering not
'Mid the driving crash of screaming shot;
They stayed right there till the work was done —
The cables found and severed — each one.
With an eighty foot gap and the "piece" hauled in,
And stowed in place — then, under the din
Of that deafening storm that swept the air,
For three long hours there, under the guns —
Our "untried" ones.

— *Robert Burns Wilson*

12, 1846 **"Fifty-four, Forty or Fight!"**

We claim the Dalles of Columbia, set up on their edges,
Swirling through the deep gorges as onward they rolled;
Or ever huge boulders of basalt went dashing,
Dispersed in their spray ere their story is told.
We claim hoary Hood and the three Virgin Sisters,
Who blushed with the roseate glow of the morn;
St. Helen and Ranier close on the border,
Who so quaintly cloud their brows in pretense of scorn.

— *Abigail Scott Dynnaway*

13, 1865 **Last Battle of the Civil War**

(*Palmetto Ranch, Texas*)

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost,
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud,
The death-cry of a Nation lost.
They fell, who lifted up a hand,
And bade the sun in heaven to stand;
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of the Confederacy.

— *Will H. Thompson*

14, 1607 **Jamestown**

(*Settled*)

I hear the angry ocean wave, I see the lonely little barque
Scudding along the crested wave, freighted like old Noah's ark,
As o'er the drowned earth 'twas hurled,
With the forefathers of another world.
I see a train of exiles stand amid the desert, desolate,
The fathers of our native land, the daring pioneers of fate,
Who braved the perils of sea and earth,
And gave a boundless empire birth.

— *James Kirke Paulding*

15, 1861 **Scott and the Veteran**

An old and crippled veteran to the War Department came,
He sought the chief who had led him on many a field of fame.
"You've done your share, my friend, you're crippled, old and gray,
We have need of younger arms and fresher blood than yours and mine to-day.
God bless you, Comrade," said the Chief — "God bless your loyal heart!
But younger men then you or I now claim to have a part;
They'll plant our sacred banner firm in each rebellious town —
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to pull it down."

— *Bayard Taylor*

16, 1861 **Copperheads**

Our Country bleeds and traitors smile, and scout the purpose high
To fight beneath our starry flag to conquer or to die —
Never to yield the heritage our fathers nobly won,
Nor see go out, in midnight dark, the light of Freedom's sun.
What name befits the craven soul who sees her life-blood flow,
Whose sheltering arms his childhood nursed, nor strike for her one blow.
What do ye in the loyal North, ye base-born, treacherous crew?
Go, meet beneath the Southern skies the scorn so justly due.

17, 1864 **The Green Flag at Spottsylvania**

'Twas in the ranks of Hancock's fighting corps —
Those bravest of troops who in battle-shock had oft been tried before.
He carried the flag of old Erin while comrades fell at his side
On Spottysylvania's field where so fiercely Death did ride.
The day was over and the field was won, and round the bivouac
The remnant of the brigade spoke of that fierce attack;
And many a silent, fervent prayer went up that night to God
For one such day as that on the dear old green sod.

— *William J. Delaney*

18, 1541 **Death of De Soto**

Clutching the covering of his bed,
As though 'twas lance or rapier dread,
With one fierce bound he forward sprang —
His features flashing fire.
"St. Iago! — Spain! — De Soto!" rang
With stern, victorious ire.
A flood of gore from mouth and eyes
Too truly told the tale;
"Gone, gone!" Moscoso cries —
The Indian maidens wail.

— *Emily Thatcher Bennett*

19, 1858 **Le Marais des Cygnes**

(*Border Ruffian Massacre in Kansas*)

From the hearths of their cabins, the fields of their corn,
Unwarned and unweaponed, the victims were torn;
By the whirlwind of murder, swept up and swept on,
To the low, reedy fenlands — the "Marsh of the Swan."
On the lintels of Kansas that blood shall not dry;
Henceforth the Bad Angel shall harmless go by;
Henceforth to the Sunset, unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow the march of the day.

— *John G. Whittier*

20, 1902 **Cuba Libre**

She shall rise, as rose Columbus,
From his chains, from shame and wrong —
Rise as Morning, matchless, wondrous —
Rise as some rich, glorious song —
Rise, a ringing song and story,
Valor, Love personified.
Stars and Stripes espoused her glory —
Love and Liberty allied.

— *Joaquin Miller*

21, 1861 **General Price's Proclamation**

The Governor distinctly asked
For Fifty Thousand Men.
You heard him ask — you must have heard,
I know your patriot pulses stirred,
In fierce resolves to hound the herd
Back to their Northern den.

Nearly six months, you are aware,
Have come and gone since then;
I must have help — I cannot wait —
Somebody's got to save the State —
And do it quick, before too late —
Ye Fifty Thousand Men.

22, 1807 **Aaron Burr Arrested for Treason**

Thou, wonder of the Atlantic shore,
Whose deed a million hearts appalls;
Thy fate shall Pity's eye deplore,
Nor Vengeance for thy ruin calls.

Ambition, on you her curse is seen,
Thy every blessing to annoy;
To blight thy laurel's tender green —
The banner of thy fame destroy.

— *Sarah Wentworth Morton*

23, 1877 **Death of John Lothrop Motley**

Sleep, Motley, with the great of ancient days,
Who wrote for all the years that yet shall be;
Sleep with Herodotus, whose name and praise
Have reached the isles of earth's remotest sea.
Sleep, while defiant of the slow decays
Of Time, thy glorious writings speak for thee,
And in the answering heart of millions raise
The generous zeal of Right and Liberty.

— *William Cullen Bryant*

24, 1897 **Death of William Lloyd Garrison**

Freedom's first champion in our fettered land,
Not politician nor base citizen
Could gibbet thee, nor silence, nor withstand.
Thy trenchant and emancipating pen
Lincoln snatched and with steady hand,
Writing his name and thine on parchment white —
Then held that Proclamation high in sight —
"Freedom, for all, henceforth, throughout the land!"

— *Amos B. Alcott*

25, 1701 **Captain Kidd Hung for Piracy**

He swears, but he is sick at heart;
He laughs, but he turns deadly pale;
His restless eye and sudden start —
They tell the dreadful tale
That will be told; it needs no words from me,
This self-sold slave to fear and misery.
For he no more shall haunt the beach,
Nor sit upon the tall cliff's crown,
Nor go the round of all that reach —
Nor, impatient, sit him down
Watching the swaying weeds — upon this day
He will have gone far hence — that dreadful way.
— *Richard Henry Dana*

26, 1781 **Fort Ninety-Six**

Augusta had surrendered first,
And Lee, who manly hopes had nursed,
Had proved the Chevalier.
"Push on to Ninety-Six!" cried Greene;
"To wrench this last defense, I mean
To keep our border clear."
Along the Congaree, their posts
Had failed to verify the boasts
Which English legions swelled;
When Marion from the everglades,
Put lightning in his rusty blades —
The vaunting British heart had quailed.

27, 1637 **Death of Sassacus**

(*Pequod War*)

Great Sassacus fled from the eastern shores,
Where the sun first shines and the great sea roars;
His wigwams were burned by the white man's flame,
And the house of his youth has a stranger's name.
His sannops were slain by their thunder's power,
And his children fell like the star-eyed flower;
For the white men came from the world afar,
And their fury burned like the bison star.

— *Alonzo Lewis*

28, 1898 **"They'll Never Get Home!"**

(*Schley Bottles Up Cevera's Fleet in Santiago Harbor*)

"We've got 'em — in old Santiago
Cevera is bottled — the news is from Schley.
I knew mighty well we'd get that old Spaniard,
And cork him in tight in the "Sweet-by-and-by."
Things looked pretty bilious some days, I'll admit,
And clouds sort o' hung round the Capitol dome,
Till Schley's message came, and 'twas this way he wrote it:
"We've got 'em," he says, "and they'll never get home!"

29, 1813 **Destruction of Sackett's Harbor**

Came the British hosts by land and sea,
On Chauncy alone the onus must lie
For loss of the stores; in his haste to obey
The orders for use in extremity,
His eager hand the torch did apply —
And the Harbor of Sackett in ruin did lie.

30, 1853 First American Arctic Voyage Sails from New York

From out the harbor, 'mid the boom
Of cannon, shouting lustily,
They sail, beneath our starry flag,
To win the icy North, most joyfully.
The people shout their admiration —
The first attempt to pierce the frozen seas
Under the flag of the Western Nation.

— *Fitz-James O'Brien*

31, 1889 Conemaugh

(*Johnstown, Pennsylvania, Flood*)

"Fly to the mountains — Fly!" Terribly rang the cry,
The electric soul of the wire quivered like sentient fire.
The soul of the woman who stood face to face with the flood,
Answered to the shock like the eternal rock.
Grand was the soul that could stand behind that trembling hand;
Grand was the woman who dared — Glory her high name wears.
"This message is my last" — shot over the wire and passed
To the listening ear of the land. "I stay and die."

— *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward*

JUNE

1, 1813 "Don't Give up the Ship!"

(*The "Shannon" and the "Chesapeake"*)

From the hills of Hingham men watched with hopes and fears,
While all the Bay was torn that day with shot that rained like tears.
The tall masts of the "Chesapeake" went groaning by the board,
The "Shannon's" spars were weak with scars when shot against them poured.
"Give them one raking broadside more," cried Lawrence, "ere we strike!"
Then one grim ball that ruined all for hope and home alike,
Laid Lawrence low in glory, yet from his pallid lip
Rang to the land his last command: "Boys, don't give up the ship!"

— *Francis Tracy Bouve*

2, 1861 The Sanitary Commission Organized

Down the picket-guarded lane,
Rolled the comfort-laden wain,
Cheered by shouts that shook the plain —
Soldier-like and merry;
Phrases such as camps may teach,
Sabre-cuts of Saxon speech,
Such as "Bully!" "That's a peach!"
"Wade in, Sanitary!"

— *Bret Harte*

3, 1898 Men of the Merrimac

Trapped at last, the Spanish sea-fox in the hill-locked harbor lay,
"We must block the channel," said Sampson, "lest he skip by night
away."
"Volunteers!" the signal lifted; was there ever bolder plan?
Yet the gallant sailors answered — answered well-nigh to a man.
Ere the dawn's first rose-flush kindled, swiftly sped the chosen eight
Toward the batteries grimly frowning o'er the harbor's narrow gate.
There they sank the bulky collier, 'mid the hurtling Spanish hail —
Heroes without hands to waver — heroes without hearts to quail.
Hail to Hobson — hail to all that valiant eight!
Clauson, Kelly, Deignan, Phillips, Murphy, Montague, Charrette —
Who held their lives so lightly, who thus gave the dare to Fate;
Howso'er we laud them, we shall be their debtors yet!

— *Clinton Scollard*

4, 1780 Tarleton in Charleston, South Carolina

At Cowpens, Tarleton found he must close with a host —
And came off rather worse for the wear;
He spoke of Washington in Charleston, quite low.
And smiled one of his treacherous smiles:—
"I never have seen him, but ladies, I vow
'Twould appear worth a journey of miles."
Said a lady: "If behind you a glance you had thrown,
While beating the Cowpens retreat,
Colonel Washington's visage to you surely'd been shown
As he urged you to keep well in your seat!"

5, 1770 Founding the Mission of Monterey, California

Good Junipero, the Padre, when 'twas dying of the day,
Sat beneath the dark tall pine trees by the Cross of Monterey;
Listening as the simple red men of their joys and sorrows told,
And the story of the Mission, with its legends quaint and old.
And they told him how Portala, resting by the crescent Bay,
Dreamed but little he was gazing on the wished-for Monterey.
That this cross on shore he planted and the ground about it blessed —
Then he and his companions journeyed northward on their quest.

— *Richard Edward White*

6, 1780 Caldwell of Springfield

You've heard
Of Caldwell, the parson. They gave him the name
Of the "Rebel High Priest." He and his band
Of militant ploughboys — they were left in the lurch
For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews and dashed out in the road
With his arms full of hymn-books and threw down his load
At their feet. Then above all the shouting and shots
Rang out his voice — "Put Watts into 'em — Boys, give 'em Watts!"
And they did — that is all.

— *Bret Harte*

7, 1781 **Emily Geiger**

By the Carolina firesides, the women sat in fear,
For the men were away fighting and the Revolution days were drear.
"Who will carry a message to Sumter? Who will dare the ride?"
There was silence; too well they knew the peril and not a man replied.
"I am a Southern woman and I will take the dare."
'Twas Emily Geiger who spoke — "My heart is consumed with care."
"Halt! Or I fire." She quickly drew the note and ate it piece by piece,
Then in the guard-house sat and waited till time should bring release.
Then through the forest quickly — e'en where Sumter's bugles blow,
"Saddle and mount! Forward trot!" There is hurrying to and fro,
Swift from the camp the horsemen ride and into the darkness glide;
Ah! long shall the British rue that march and Emily Geiger's ride.

8, 1843 **Death of Andrew Jackson**

'Mid the sounds that others stir,
Hiss of reptile, yelp of cur;
'Mid our Country's foes you stood,
With a calm and fearless mood;
You, who on a foreign shore
Gained renown for the flag you bore,
And though great the peril be,
Bowed no head and bent no knee —
On thy grave, O tried and true,
Honor's wreath we bring for you —
Andrew Jackson!

9, 1898 First Embarkation of U. S. Troops for Cuba

I fought under Lee and Stonewall and I hated the Yankees, it's true;
But I'm going to fight on the side that's right and I'm going to wear the blue.
I just heard the band play "Dixie" — I listened to every note —
As I thought of Manassas and Shiloh, a lump came up in my throat.
There's just one thought in every heart — one word in every mouth;
For all things are so twisted, there is now neither North nor South.
I never thought it would come to this; it's strange, but I reason it's true —
There's just One Country — just one flag — and we're all a-wearing the blue.

— *Eliza Calvert Hall*

10, 1861 Bethel

Out through the mist and murk of the morn,
From the beaches of Hampton our barges were borne;
We heard not a sound, save the sweep of the oar,
Till the word of our Colonel came up from the shore:
"Columns, Forward!"

While the cannon's hoarse thunder rolled out o'er the seas,
While the "Star Spangled Banner" swelled over the breeze,
While the long chanting Zouaves led the way,
Bearing down all the batteries of Bethel that day —
"Columns, Forward!"

— *A. J. H. Duganne*

11, 1829 **Last Leap of Sam Patch**

Toll for Sam Patch! He scorned the common way,
That leads to Fame up heights of rough ascent;
Where distant cataracts fall, of him men heard —
The fearless man who wild Passaic's falls has rent.
He jumped unhesitating. Death or Victory
His device. He made no mistake
Except his last; and then, he did but die —
A blunder which the wisest make.

— *Robert C. Sands*

12, 1878 **Death of William Cullen Bryant**

Lo! there he lies, our Patriarch Poet dead!
The solemn angel of eternal Peace
Has waved a wand of mystery o'er his head,
Touched his strong heart and bade his pulses cease.
Behold in marble quietude he lies!
Pallid and cold, divorced from earthly breath,
With tranquil brow, lax hands and dreamless eyes —
Yet the closed lips would seem to smile at Death.

— *Paul Hamilton Hayne*

13, 1796 **How St. Michael's was Saved**

Another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street;
A cry was heard at midnight and the rush of tramping feet;
'Mid the wild fire's tumult, a brand on the church steeple shone,
From a flickering, trembling will-o'-the-wisp to a steady beacon grown.
"Uncounted gold to the man who risks that torch so high."
As the Mayor spoke, one is seen on the belfry, his face upturned to the sky;
Slowly, steadily, he mounts — then, like a meteor's track,
They see the brand cast to the stones, shattered and dead and black.
The eager throng press forward, but halt — he who periled his life to save
Now stands before them — the sable face of a slave.
"You may keep your gold — I scorn it! but answer me, ye who can,
Was not the deed I have done — the deed indeed of a *man?*
There were only sobs for answer, then the Mayor called for a pen,
And the great seal of the city that he might read who ran;
The unknown hero who could do a deed so grand —
The slave who had saved St. Michael's went out that door — *a freeman.*

— *Mary A. P. Stansbury*

14, 1777 **Betsy Ross's Flag**

From dusk till dawn the livelong night
She kept the tallow-dips alight,
And fast her nimble fingers flew,
To sew the stars upon the blue.
With weary eyes and aching head
She stitched the strips of white and red,
And when the day came up the stair,
Complete across a carven chair
Hung Betsy's battle flag.

—*Minna Irving*

15, 1846 Captain Fremont Captures Sonoma Pass, California

(Bear Flag War)

Fast o'er the desert rode Fremont, o'er the broad and burning plain —
Past the Bitter Lake and the frozen font, in the wild Nevada chain.
There was work to do ere we reached the goal;
There were Indians to fight and Greasers' foal; —
Fiercest was each of his treacherous class,
But we hurled them from Sonoma's Pass.

— *Henry Howard Brownell*

16, 1865 Confederate Scrip

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It looked in our eyes a promise to pay,
And each Confederate soldier believed it.
The faith that was in us was strong indeed,
Our poverty well we discerned;
And those little bills represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.
Show it now to those who will listen
To the tale that this paper could tell;
Of the Confederacy's birth, of the Southerner's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

— *S. A. Jones*

17, 1775 **Battle of Bunker Hill**

Twice on the low redoubt, ere noon, the Regulars advanced,
And from their burnished bayonets, the sun of morning glanced;
"Charge!" — as the myriad of autumn leaves before a gale are whirled,
Lord Howe against the wall of earth his mad battalions hurled.
From the long-contested ground, our smoke-grimed troops retreat,
And carry with them victory from such a grim defeat;
And though forced back across Charlestown neck, they doggedly withdrew,
The battle-storm had only ceased to burst the sky anew.

— *Francis Zuni Stone*

18, 1812 **Farewell, Peace!**

(*American Independence Again Declared*)

What, cringe to Europe? Band it all in one,
Stilt its decrepit strength, renew its age,
Wipe out its debts, contract a loan to wage
Its venal battles — and by yon bright sun,
Our God is false and Liberty's undone,
If slaves have power to win your heritage.

— *George Henry Boker*

19, 1854 The "Eagle" and the "Vulture"

(*The "Kearsage" Sinks the "Alabama"*)

In Cherbourg Roads, the pirate lay,
That morn in June, like a beast of prey.
From the cliffs, Europe's tyrants looked on in glee
As they thought of our "Kearsarge" sunk in the sea.
Down came the Vulture — our Eagle sat still,
Waiting to strike with his iron-clad bill;
"Clear the decks" — Winslow's words were measured and slow;
"Point the guns and prepare for a terrible blow!"
Broadside and broadside till the pirate 'neath the wave
Carried the hopes of old Europe to lie in the same grave.

— *Thomas Buchanan Read*

20, 1780 The Boy Hero of Ramsour's Mills

He seemed to feel his father's loving clasp, the evening wind
  Stirred the ringlets on his little head —
But sudden saw he the plunderer, o'er his father's grave,
  In deep dishonor to the noble dead.
In that brief moment vengeance ruled his soul;
  Like sudden tempest to the charge he swept;
The sword he wielded with a man's control,
  And Mammon's bond-slave back to darkness crept.

21, 1898 **The Ladrone Islands**

(*"The Men Behind the Guns"*)

A cheer and salute for the Admiral, and here's to the Captain bold,
But never forget the gunners when the deeds of might are told.
They say not a word till a shot is heard that tells the fight is on,
Till the long, deep roar grows more and more from the ships of "Yank" and "Don";
Till o'er the deep the tempests sweep of fire and bursting shell,
And the very air is a mad despair in the throes of a living hell;
Then down, deep down, in the mighty ship, unseen by the mid-day suns,
You'll find the chaps who are giving the raps — the Men Behind the Guns!

— *John James Rooney*

22, 1863 **The Northern Invasion of Lee**

'Twas the last chance remaining to Lee,
And the last to this army of Lee,
And the last to Jeff Davis; for, sure as they'd fail
In this desperate game, nothing else will avail
To keep their frail craft and its leaders adrift,
Or to rescue from ruin, disastrous and swift,
The Confederate army of Lee.

23, 1865 **Death of Admiral Samuel Dupont, U. S. N.**

"Waiting for orders!" Suddenly they came,
But not to marshall hosts as erst before;
Not into danger's midst God calls him now,
But through the portals of His golden door.
The scathing flame had cleansed his Country free,
And holy Peace was brooding o'er the land;
A fitting time for one to pass from earth
Whose days have left us such a record grand.

24, 1497 First Voyage of John Cabot

(Discovery of the North American Continent)

"He chases shadows," sneered the British tars,
"As well fling nets to catch the golden stars,
As climb the surges of earth's utmost sea."
But, for the Venice pilot, meagre, wan,
His swarthy sons beside him, life began
With the ship's cable, when his dream rode free.
And Henry, on his battle-wrested throne,
His councils done, would speak in musing tone
Of Cabot, not the cargo he might bring.

25, 1859 Intervention of Josiah Tatnall

Peaceful the English vessels on the turbid stream bestrown,
Seeking passage up to Pekin past the fort.
Crash! the heavens split asunder with the thunder of the fight,
As the hateful dragon made its faith a mock;
Every cannon spat its perfidy, each casemate blazed its spite,
Crashing down upon the English, shock on shock.
On the "Toey-Wan" stood our Tatnall, Stephen Trenchard at his side —
"Old Man Tatnall," he who dared at Vera Cruz;
"I'll be damned," said he to Trenchard, "If Old Tatnall's standing by
Seeing white men butchered and his every aid refuse."
Quick we man the boat, and quicker, plunge into that devil's brew;
And we scotched that Chinese dragon through and through.

— *Wallace Rice*

26, 1876

Down the Little Big Horn

(*Custer's Last Charge*)

For him, the Matchless, him and those
Who died with him, with feet to the foes,
Let Grandeur twine her laurels gay,
Let Freedom shout their fame and say,
"Heroes of might alone repose
Where Custer fell!" — *Joaquin Miller*

27, 1864

Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Georgia

They said that Fame her clarion dropped
Because great deeds were done no more —
That even Duty knew no shining ends,
And Glory was a fallen star!
But battle can heroes and bards restore —
Nay, look on Kenesaw!
Perils the mailed ones never knew
Are lightly braved by ragged coats of blue,
And gentler hearts are bared to deadlier war.
— *Herman Melville*

28, 1776

Sergeant Jasper

(*Battle of Fort Moultrie*)

Sir Parker's fleet, from the stormy North
On that clear and beautiful day,
Had reached at last the harbor's mouth
Passing unharmed through the outer Bay.
A shot from the vessel carried away
The flag of the Palmetto State;
Quick, over the rampart, Jasper leaped —
To think, he had no time to wait;
He rushed into the jaws of death,
Grasped the glorious prize;
Nailed it fast o'er the fort again,
Where it floated up to the skies.— *L. Wheeler*

29, 1852

Death of Henry Clay

He is gone — the free, the bold,
The champion of his Country's right;
His burning eye is dim and cold,
And mute his voice of conscious might.
The impulse that his spirit gave
To human thought's wild, stormy sea,
Will heave and thrill through every wave
Of that great deep, eternally.

— *George D. Prentice*

30, 1794

Westward — Ho

(*Building the First National Road*)

What strength! what strife! what rude unrest!
A mighty nation, moving West,
With all its steely sinews set
Against the living forests. Hear
The shouts of pioneer,
The rending forest, rolling wheels,
As if some half-checked army reels,
Recoils, redoubles, comes again
Loud-sounding like a hurricane.

— *Joaquin Miller*

JULY

1, 1898 **Santiago**

Out of the harbor, belching smoke,
Came dashing seaward, the Spanish ships —
And from our decks a great shout broke,
And our hearts went up and set us a-choke,
For we had them at last, in our grips!
Soon from their flaming ports and their flaming decks,
The rising smoke hid the colors of Spain.
We had them there with our knives in their necks,
And we hammered them down into shapeless wrecks,
With our screaming shells in a fiery rain.
The dying warships gave up the ghost —
We shattered and mangled that Philistine host —
And the fight was won as our Sampson planned.

— *Thomas A. Janvier*

2, 1881 **Assassination of President James Abram Garfield**

'Twas not in bloody-handed war,
The Nation's strength had broken;
No pestilence had swept our shore,
Nor Famine left in any door
Its grim and deadly token.
A cruel, vile, accursed blow
The world's great soul has smitten;
It laid a man heroic low,
And lines of deep and bitter woe
In all our hearts are written.

3, 1863 **High Tide at Gettysburg**

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs —
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes —
The fierce South cheering on her sons!
But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shrivelled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

— *Will H. Thompson*

4, 1776 **Independence Bell**

There was tumult in the city, in the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people, pacing restless, up and down;
So they surged against the State House, while all solemnly, inside
Sat the Continental Congress, Truth and Wisdom for their guide.
Quickly at the given signal, the old bell-man lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making iron music through the land.
How they shouted! What rejoicing! How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of Freedom ruffled the calm-gliding Delaware.
Ne'er can we forget that bell-man who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out loudly "Independence," which, please God, shall never die.

5, 1861 **"I Fights mit Sigel!"**

(New Market, Virginia)

I met him once, he was trudging along,
His knapsack with chicken was swelling;
He'd "Blenkered" those dainties and thought it no wrong
From some Secessionist dwelling;
"What regiment's yours? Under what flag
Do you fight?" said I, touching his shoulder;
Turning round slowly, he smilingly said —
And the thought made him stronger and bolder —
"I fights mit Sigel!"

— *Grant P. Robinson*

6, 1863 **General Lovell H. Rousseau Crosses the Tennessee River**

Upon the river's verdant banks
Our troops advanced at dawn of day;
Their pathway to the invading ranks
Across the bridgeless river lay.
But ere their watery track they take,
Lo! this their gallant leader spake:
"Come, comrades, follow where I lead;
I ask you naught I will not do!"
And swinging swiftly from his steed,
He led them through the waters blue.
High o'er their heads, their glittering arms,
Each soldier held with martial pride,
With cry of "On to Victory," full many of them
On Southern soil hath died.

7, 1710 **Destruction of the Emigrant Ship "Palatine"**

Into the teeth of Death she sped;
May God forgive the hands that fed
The false light on the rocky Head!
Down swoop the wreckers, like birds of prey,
Tearing the heart of the ship away —
And the dead had never a word to say.
And then, with ghastly shimmer and shine,
Over the rocks and seething brine,
They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

— *John G. Whittier*

8, 1864 **The Nurse in the Union Army**

(*Chattahoochee, Georgia*)

She was one of Mercy's angels,
Sent to charm and cheer and bless,
And to make a heavenly feeling
With her heart of tenderness.
On the bloody Chattahoochee,
With her cup and bright canteen,
'Mid the dying and the wounded,
This hero-nurse was seen.

— *Augustus Treadwell*

9, 1755 **Braddock's Defeat**

'Twas Summer morn. A gallant band, with arms of burnished steel,
Marched by the river side, inspired by war's awakening peal.
While, right and left, the forest deep was startled from its ancient sleep.

T'was Summer eve. That gallant band, with half its number slain,
A panic-stricken remnant fled, and crossed the stream again;
For Braddock's sun was darkened now, and death-dew on his writhing brow.

10, 1777 **Abduction of General Prescott**

'Twas on a dark and stormy night, the wind and waves did roar;
Will Barton then, with twenty men, went down upon the shore.
Through British fleets and guard-boats strong, they held their dangerous way
Till they arrived unto their port — and then did not delay.
A tawny son of Afric race them through the ravine led,
And entering the Overing House, they found him in his bed.
Him through the rye-stubble they led, with shoes and breeches none,
They placed him in their boat quite snug and from the shore were gone.
Then through the fleet, with muffled oars, they held their devious way,
And reached the Narragansett shore where Britain held no sway.
And when unto the land they came, where rescue there was none;
"An unheard-of, bold push," the general said, "of prisoners, I am one."

11, 1804 Death of Alexander Hamilton

Not by a lightning stroke,
When fiery tempests broke;
Not 'mid the ranks of war,
Fell the great "Federalist";
Unmoved, undismayed,
In his meeting with Burr,
With eye that dimmed not,
With brain that swerved not,
With heart that quailed not,
Hamilton met his foe.

12, 1579 Sir Francis Drake Leaves California

Quoth Drake: "Shall we leave this huge domain
To Albion's lions or the dogs of Spain?"
"Sir, we made North to the Forty-first,
But no deep hath terrors for hearts that burst
With love of the women we once have kisst!"
Then the Captain: "We leave to-day this Land of May
And thresh us a road to the Indies blest;
Past the Isles of Spice unto old Cathay—
Then ho! for England and home and rest!"

—*Clinton Scollard*

13, 1863 Draft Riots in New York City

Alas! 'Tis the voice of ignorance and vice —
The rage of slaves who fancy they are free;
Men who would keep men slaves at any price,
Too blind their own black manacles to see.
Alas! 'Tis a grisly spectre with a torch,
Riot — that bloodies every porch,
Hurls justice down
And burns the town.

— *Charles De Kay*

14, 1900 Boxer Up-rising in China

(*Rescue of the American Ambassador*)

"Spare not man nor steed; use utmost speed; before the sun goes down
One and all, our force must be in Pekin town!"
"Comrades, the path is fringed with death — who rides with me to-day?"
Along the ranks a wild shout broke — "We follow, lead the way!"
A clatter of hoofs — a clashing of steel, and the outer gates are won,
But there'll be need of fierce fighting ere the inner goal is won.
No rein was drawn as we surged through the flame, for our women waited there;
The well-closed columns dashed swiftly by, for the freeman's blood was up —
Each rider in his stirrup, scattering all who might dare
Offer resistance. No thought of their danger till the hard, wild race was done
And our countrywomen saved as the long-fought-for goal was won.
Hurrah for Waller! Hurrah for the men who went with him
Into that cursed hell and fought with desperate vim.

15, 1778 **The Incorruptible Patriot**

(*General Joseph Reed*)

I spurn your gilded bait, O King! my faith you cannot buy;
Go, tamper with some craven heart and dream of victory.
You say the office shall be mine if I the traitor play;
Can office ever compensate for honesty's decay?
Ten thousand pounds! Ten thousand pounds! Shall I an Esau prove,
And for a mess of pottage sell the heritage I love?

— *Edward C. Jones*

16, 1779 **Storming of Stony Point**

(*Mad Anthony's Charge*)

There was one among the soldiers who had longed the fort to gain —
He had never yet been vanquished — brave, headstrong Anthony Wayne.
Washington, his chieftain, questioned if the fort could taken be —
Said Wayne: "To the one who fights for Freedom, God will give the Victory!"
British cheeks grew pale with terror as Wayne nearer came;
They had raised a demon in him, he was wild who once was tame.
Right before their fearful cannon, in their fury charged our men;
Sprang they bravely on the ramparts — backward fell the red-coats then.
Over hosts of fallen corpses, brave old Anthony was borne,
With his blood fast downward trickling, and his clothing pierced and torn;
Though his wounds were gaping, bleeding, yet he showed how amply — freely —
"To the one who fights for Freedom, God will give the Victory."

— *Alexander H, Eastman*

17, 1863 Engagement at Honey Springs, Indian Territory

Clouds of dust,
Great squares of men, with standards thrust
Against their courses; dense columns
Crowned with billowing steel. At times we saw
Fierce-eyed men, with panting breath
Toiling on at the work of Death.
At last, the dark vapor backward bore,
And fainter came the dreadful roar
From the huge sea of striking men —
Then one who taxed his horse's powers
Shouted to us: "Huzza! The day is ours!

18, 1863 The Hero of Fort Wagner

(*Charleston Harbor*)

We were repulsed from the Fort, you know, and saw our heroes fall,
Till the dead were piled in bloody heaps under the frowning wall.
Brave men were there, for their country's sake, to spend their latest breath,
But the bravest was one who gave his life, and his body after death.
I was pressing up, to try if yet our men might take the place,
And my feet had slipped in his oozing blood before I saw his face.
His face! It was black as the skies o'erhead; his breast torn by a cannon-ball —
"I'se done gone, Massa; step on me and you scale the wall!"

— *Phœbe Cary*

19, 1629 **The Ballot-Box**

(*First Used in America*)

A weapon that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall on the sod;
It executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force, nor doors nor locks
Can shield you. All hail, the Ballot-box!

— *John Pierpont*

20, 1864 **General John A. Logan at Peach Tree Crossing**

You know that day at Peach Tree Creek,
When the Rebs, with their circling, scorching wall
Of smoke-hid cannon and the sweep of flame
Drove in our flanks — back — back and all
Our toil seemed lost in the storm of shell;
When so many of our best men fell.
We stood there. Then came the might
Of his thundering tones: "Close up that breach —
Remember your flag — Don't give an inch —
The right flank's gaining and soon will reach —
Forward now, boys, and give them hell!"

— *Hamlin Garland*

21, 1861 **Manassas**

(*Bull Run*)

They fought where Glory, pale and low,
Lay wasted with the life below.
They rolled the thunder on the foe
On lost Manassas field.
Before that Southern wall of dead,
What horror round their path was spread,
Back, from the army of the slain,
From old Virginia's stern campaign,
The wreck from forth that iron rain,
A mournful honor bore.

— *Florence Willesford Borron*

22, 1864 **Death of General James B. McPherson, U. S. A.**

(*Siege of Atlanta*)

Arms reversed and banners craped,
Muffled drums;
Snowy horses, sable-draped,
McPherson comes;
Pass the ropes the coffin round,
Let it descend;
Prayer and volley, let them sound —
McPherson's end.

— *Herman Melville*

23, 1885 **Grant's Last Battle**

Of honor, fame, the highest summits scaled,
Rides dauntless, undismayed, a warrior bold,
To meet in mortal strife one who doth hold
The vantage-ground 'twixt earth and heaven. Unquailed
He treads that shadowy land, by Death assailed,
Who, hurling poisoned shafts, seeks to enfold
His daring prey in grim embraces cold.
Weird sight! The world beholds, with wondering awe,
Him, who e'en on the Conqueror's line thus fights
To keep the foe invincible at bay.
And now, towards fields Elysian swift withdraw
Yon mystic legions from aerial heights —
They bear a hero-soul from earth to-day.

— *Anna H. Mercur*

24, 1876 **Conquered at Last**

(*The North Sends Succor to the Yellow Fever Stricken South*)

You came to us, O brothers, in wrath,
And rude desolation followed your path.
We laid down our arms, we yielded our will,
But our heart of hearts was unconquered still.
But the spoiler came and he would not spare,
And the angel that walketh in darkness was there; —
From our desolate land, from its very heart,
There went forth a cry to its uttermost part.
You heard it, O brothers! — with never a measure
You opened your heart and poured out its treasure;
Your lives in your hand, you stood by our side,
Your lives for our lives — you laid down and died.
You conquered us once, and our swords we gave;
We yield now our hearts — they are all that we have.

— *Maria L. Eve*

25, 1814 **Battle of Bridgewater**

(*Lundy's Lane*)

"Haste, haste thee, Scott, to meet the foe,
And let the scornful Briton know,
Well-strung the arm and firm the blow
Of him who strikes for Liberty."
Behind the hills descends the sun,
The work of death is but begun,
And red through twilight's shadows dun
Blazes the volleyed musketry.
"Charge, Miller, charge the foe once more,"
And louder than Niagara's roar,
Along the line is heard encore
The American's cry of victory.

26, 1755 **Surrender of Louisburg**

I, to the listening world shall soon proclaim
Of Wolfe's brave deeds, the never-dying fame,
Opposing forces, in vain attempt to quell
The native fires that in such bosoms dwell.
Go, bear the joyful tidings to your king,
And, in the voice of war, declare 'tis victory you bring.

— *Francis Hopkinson*

27, 1659 **Discovery of Lake Superior**

"Father of Lakes" — Thy waters bend
Beyond the eagle's utmost view,
When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send
Back to the sky its world of blue.
Thou hadst no tale to tell of man
When Cartier found thee. Thy sounding caves
Whisper of God, whose mighty plan
Deems as a bubble all thy waves.

— *S. G. Goodrich*

28, 1831 **"Old Glory!"**

In Salem Town, Steve Driver, then a sailor boy,
Received a flag for bravery. High on the staff
He raised his prize to show the world his joy,
Doffed his cap loyally and 'mid the laugh
Of mates, he cheered "Old Glory."
To Nashville, when the Civil War broke forth,
Went Driver; there, in his native town,
He hid his treasure till the army of the North
Won Nashville; as the Rebel flag came down —
Then, up rose "Old Glory."
As o'er the Union Hospital its folds unfurled,
To it the sick and wounded turned triumphant eyes.
And still no flag's so dear in this whole wide world
As Driver's in Nashville's treasure galleries —
The original "Old Glory."

— *Nellie Urner Wallington*

29, 1866 Laying the Atlantic Cable

Bold Cyrus Field, he said, says he, "I have a pretty notion
That I can run a telegraph across the Atlantic Ocean."
Then all the people laughed and said they'd like to see him do it;
He might get half-seas over, but he never could go through it.
Twice did his bravest efforts fail, and yet his hand was stable;
He wasn't the man to break his heart because he broke his cable.
"Once more, my gallant boys," he cried: "three times — you know
the fable —
I'll make it thirty," muttered he, "but I *will* lay that cable."
Once more they tried — hurrah! hurrah! what means this great
commotion?
The Lord be praised! the cable's laid across the Atlantic Ocean.

— *John G. Saxe*

30, 1718 The Grave of William Penn

What though above the Schuylkill gleams
For him no shaft of Fame,
What though amid these English streams
We find his unsought name.
We know his country was the earth,
His countrymen, mankind;
And where his death or where his birth
We need not seek to find.
Above the world his quiet mind
Poised on his wings of trust;
He lived for all and left behind
The memory of the just.

— *Hezekiah Butterworth*

31, 1861 **The Quaker's Dilemma**

I can't for the life of me tell what it means, or whether if wrong or
if right,
But I love to look on militant scenes and am spoiling to mix in the
fight;
I buy all the extras containing war news; I read the bulletin boards;
And 'twixt Peace and War, the latter I choose — it such keen
excitement affords.
I bought me a gun and a Bowie knife; take lessons of Salignac;
And dreadfully frighten my timid wife with talk of defense and
attack.
I never the sight of blood could bear — I never could kill e'en a fly;
But now the carnage of war I could share and look red strife in
the eye.

— *B. P. S.*

AUGUST

1, 1780 The Cow Chase

All in a cloud of dust were men, the sheep, the horse, the goat;
The gentle heifer, the ass obscene, the yearling and the shoat;
Sublime upon his stirrups rode the mighty Lee behind,
And drove the terror-smitten cows, like chaff before the wind.
But sudden see the woods above pour down a British corps —
All helter-skelter went that drove, as ne'er was seen before.
Poor Parson Caldwell, all in wonder, saw the returning train
And mourned to Wayne the lack of plunder, for they must go again.

— *Major John Andre*

2, 1848 New Mexico Celebrates Her Freedom from Spanish Rule

Light up your homes, Columbia, for those chivalrous men
Who bore to scenes of warlike strife thy conquering arms again.
Where glorious victories, flash on flash, reveal their stormy day —
Resaca, Palo Alto's fields and the heights of Monterey.
Light up your homes, O fathers, for these young hero bands,
Whose march is still through vanquished towns and over conquered lands.

— *Grace Greenwood*

3, 1755 **Deportation from Acadia**

With songs on their lips, the Acadian peasants descended;
From the church to the Gaspereau's mouth moved that mournful procession.
There disorder prevailed and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, in wildest entreaties.
Sorrowing deeply, they cried aloud in their anguish:
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"

— *Henry W. Longfellow*

4, 1690 **The United States Navy**

(*First Armed Fleet Sent Out by the Colonies*)

Oh, they sang a song of wind and sail,
In the days of Heave and Haul,
Of the weather-gauge, and of tack and sheet,
When the anchor rose to the tramp of feet,
And the click of the capstan pawl.
Ho! cutlass and pike, as the great sides strike,
How they stripped to the buff for the fray!
It was blade to blade and eye to eye,
Yard-arm to yard-arm against the sky!
Yes, this was the older way.

— *James Barnes*

5, 1864 **Battle of Mobile Bay**

Torpedoes to the right and left — torpedoes straight ahead!
The stanch "Tecumseh" sinks from sight, the waves receive her dead.
The Rebel forts belch fire and death, but what care we for them?
Our onward course, with Farragut to guide us, naught could stem.
Beyond yon moving mass of iron, beyond the "Ossipee";
To fight the fleet with courage grim, steams forth the "Tennessee."
We hem her in with battle fire — how furious grows the fray,
Until surrender's flag she flies above red Mobile Bay.

6, 1780 **Sumter's Band**

Stealthy, as when from thicket dun,
The Indian springs upon his bow,
Uprose, South Mount, thy warrior son,
And headlong darted on the foe.
With followers few, but undismayed,
Each change and chance of fate withstood;
Beneath her sunshine and her shade,
The same heroic brotherhood.
From secret nook, in other land,
Emerging fleet along the pine,
Prone down he flew with hero band,
Like eagle on the British line.

— *James Wright Simmons*

7, 1716 **Knights of the Golden Horseshoe**

The knightliest of that knightly race
That heartily hated ease;
Who rode with Spottswood round the land,
With Raleigh round the seas;
Who climbed the blue Virginia hills
Against embattled foes;
Who planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose.
For aye the "Golden Horse-shoe Knights"
The "Old Dominion" keep
Free from assault, from skulking foe,
Who in the darkness creep.

— *Francis Orrery Tichnor*

8, 1776 **Jean Paul Jones**

A song unto Liberty's brave buccaneer,
Ever bright be the fame of the patriot rover,
For our rights he first fought in his "black privateer,"
And faced the proud foe ere the seas they'd crossed over.
In their channel and coast,
He shattered their host,
And proud Britain robbed of her sea-ruling boast.
Her rich merchants' barks shunned the ocean in fear
Of Paul Jones, fair Liberty's brave buccaneer.

9, 1814 Bombardment of Stonington, Connecticut

Four gallant ships from England came,
Freighted deep with fire and flame;
The ships advancing different ways,
The Britons soon began to blaze.
To have their turn, they thought but fair —
The Yankees brought two guns to bear.
The British tars gave up the affray,
And one and all they sneaked away —
Those British tars from Stonington.

— *Philip Freneau*

10, 1861 Death of General Nathaniel Lyon

(*Wilson Creek, Missouri*)

Texans and Indians trim for a charge;
"Stand ready, boys!
Let them come close — right up — and then
After the lead, the iron;
Fire and charge back!" So spoke our Lyon.
On they came; they yelped and fired;
His spirit fled;
We levelled right in and the half-breeds fled,
Nor stayed for iron.
The armies of Heaven greeted brave Lyon.

— *Herman Melville*

11, 1817 **"Our Country — Right or Wrong!"**

The banquet o'er around the board
Wit answered wit, while joyous song
With toasts admix; the red wine poured
As bon-mots rolled the tide along.
Virginia's best was gathered there —
Men high in rank and women fair.
The guest of honor — in response to call,
Stephen Decatur (terror of his foes)
Raised high his glass — "Join one and all
And pledge with me, before we close,
Our steadfast fealty, firm and strong,
To the Land we love — Our Country, right or wrong!"

— *Nellie Urner Wallington*

12, 1676 **King Philip's Last Stand**

(*Death of King Philip*)

'Twas Captain Church, bescarred and brown,
In caution crawled and crept,
Till in a marish deep and dim
They came to where the Sachem grim
In leafy hiding slept.
Around him spread a girdling line.
King Philip, woe's the day,
And woe that one of thine own blood,
Now that ill-fortune roars to flood,
Should be the man to slay.

— *Clinton Scollard*

13, 1812 **The "Essex"**

(*First Naval Fight of the War of 1812*)

The "Essex" was no armored cruiser of twice six thousand tons,
With the thirty foot of metal that make your modern guns;
She was built of Yankee timber and manned by Yankee men,
Who fought like Yankee sailors — God send their like again.
She didn't have a free-board of thirty feet in clear,
She didn't need a million repair-fund every year;
She didn't run at twenty-knots — she wasn't built to run —
She didn't need a half a watch to handle every gun.
Her captain — David Porter — didn't fight from a little pen of steel;
He fought her from his quarter-deck, with two hands at the wheel;
She fought in Yankee fashion, her men stripped to the board —
When the "Alert" hauled her red flag down, we praised the Yankee Lord.

14, 1870 **Death of Admiral David Glasgow Farragut, U. S. N.**

Lashed to the mast that swayed, over red decks;
Over the flame that played round the torn wrecks;
Over the dying lips, framed for a cheer,
Farragut led his ships, guiding the line clear.
By gray Fort Morgan's walls sailed his broad fleet,
Deck to the rampart called with the drum's beat.
But now his star is set — storm and fire past —
No longer "Thunderbolt" Farragut lashed to a mast.
Though cold his bed be, 'neath the sod,
In peace his spirit rests, in heaven with God.

— *W. T. Meredith*

15, 1777 **Parson Allen's Ride**

The "Catamount Tavern" is lively to-night,
The boys of Vermont and New Hampshire are here,
All drawn up in line in the lingering light,
To greet Parson Allen with shout and with cheer.
Over mountain and valley, from Pittsfield green,
Through the driving rain of the August day,
The "flock" marched on with martial main,
And the Parson rode in his "one-horse shay."
All honor to Stark and his resolute men,
To Green Mountain boys all honor and praise,
While, with shout and with cheer, we'll welcome again,
The Parson who came in his "one-horse shay."

— *Wallace Bruce*

16, 1777 **Battle of Bennington**

Hasty tramping of men was there,
The flag of our Country streamed high in the air;
We stormed the heights where the Hessians stood,
And made them red with their rascal blood.
And when the night darkened, the air about
Shook with our victory's thundering shout;
Old Stark uptowered among us still —
"And Molly's no widow," he laughed with a will.

— *Alfred Billings Street*

17, 1752 **The Bell of the Revolution**

Talk not of chance! for well he knew —
The founder — that his art
Graved only here the impress true,
Already on the heart;
And he well deemed that Liberty
Should one day wake the sword;
Around the hearths of all the free
It was a cherished word.
And children, rescued from the yoke,
Shall to their children tell
Of the immortal deed that woke
The Revolution Bell.

— *William B. Tappan*

18, 1587 **Birthday of Virginia Dare**

(*Cro-a-tan*)

Sir Richard loosed his helm and stretched impatient hands aboard; —
"Have you no trust in man?" he cried. "Have ye no faith in God?"
"Your Governor goes, as needs he must, to bear, through royal grace,
Hither such food supply that want may never blanch a face.
Your Governor leaves fair hostages, as costliest pledge of care —
His daughter yonder and her child — the child, Virginia Dare.

— *Margaret J. Preston*

19, 1812 Capture of the "Guerriere"

On the wide Atlantic deep — not her equal for a fight,
The "Constitution," on her way chanced to meet a ship of might;
On her sails was nothing read, but her waist her teeth displayed,
Which, should she come too near, would stain the decks of the "Guerriere."
Captain Hull, in the "Constitution," did so maul and rake her,
That the decks of the "Guerriere" under Dacre,
Were in such a woeful pickle, as if Death with every shaft
Had cut with scythe and sickle, fore and aft.

— *Philip Freneau*

20, 1805 "The Garden of the Gods"

(*Yellowstone Valley Discovered by John Coulter*)

Here the New World, girt with tongues of flame,
With spectral pillars strewn;
Not strangely did John Coulter name
It — haunt of gods unknown.
Not carved by art nor man's device,
Nor shaped by human hand,
These altars, meet for sacrifice,
This temple, vast and grand.

21, 1863 Running the Blockade

The good ship, "Heir of Lynn," beleagured half a day,
Off the North Carolina blockading ground, uneasily she lay;
Suddenly rose a squall. "There's but one of them all,"
Said the gunboat commander, "Of all that I know
Who would dare carry sail 'mid this storm — Annapolis Joe."
All through the night — the darkness, they grope,
In the swash of the water and the swish of the spray —
The sloop clung to the race as if towed by a rope
Till the harbor she reached at the breaking of day.

22, 1777 Retreat of St. Leger

He mounted his mortars, he smote with his shell,
Then fumed in a fury that futile they fell;
But he counselled with rum till he chuckled, elate —
"Famine is famous to open a gate."
But lo! as he waited, was borne on his ear —
A whisper of dread and a murmur of fear —
They come, and as leaves are their numbers enrolled —
'Tis Arnold who heads them — Arnold, the bold.
When to the Northland your leaguer you led,
Retreat! Was the word e'er more bitterly said,
Saint Leger?

— *Clinton Scollard*

23, 1819 Death of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry

The hero of Erie has gone to his rest,
Renowned on the pages of story;
And the sun of his fame that rose in the west
Hath set in the blaze of its glory.
The hero of Erie is sleeping afar,
Columbia, he's lost to thee ever;
The spirit that walked on the whirlwind of war
Returns to thee never, O, never!

— *Robert S. Coffin*

24, 1863 **The Swamp Angel**

There is a coal-black Angel, with a thick Afric lip,
And he dwells, like the hunted and harried, in a swamp where the green frogs dip.
Swift is his messenger's going, but slowly he saps their halls,
As if by delay deluding, they move from their crumbling walls,
Farther and farther away; but the Angel sends after and after —
Sends after them, stone by stone and the deadly flame of his ray.
Is this the proud city? the scorner which never would yield the ground?
Which mocked the coal-black Angel, her cup of despair goes round.

— *Herman Melville*

25, 1778 **Pulaski's Banner**

(*Hymn of the Moravian Nuns*)

When the dying flame of day,
Through the chancel shot its ray,
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle: —

"Take thy banner! and beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free;
Guard it! God will prosper thee.

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

— *Henry W. Longfellow*

26, 1780 **Marion's Retaliation**

Young Marion led the foremost band
Against an ambushed Cherokee;
Where, hidden in the dark ravine.
By Shugaw town or Etochee,
The rifles' flash alone was seen,
While the red warrior grimly stood
Concealed amid the gloomy wood,
And sent his messengers of death
In showers on the foe beneath.
No bolder heart than Marion's there —
He drove the fierce Indian from his lair.

— *W. J. Grayson*

27, 1776 **Battle of Long Island**

(*The Maryland Battalion*)

There was murmur of drums humming hoarse in the hills,
And the bugles sang *fanfaron* down by the mills;
By Flatbush the bagpipes were droning amain,
And keen cracked the rifles in Martense's lane;
For the Hessians were flecking the hedges with red,
And the grenadiers' tramp marked the roll of the dead.
At Freeke's Mill, the flumes and the sluices ran red,
And the dead choked the dyke and the marsh choked the dead —
The Maryland Lads — four hundred I'll be bound —
'Twas easy to count us, face up from the ground.
If we hold the road open though Death take the toll,
We'll be missed on parade when the States call the roll.

— *John Williamson Palmer*

28, 1813 Walbach Tower

(*Fort Constitution, Isle of Newcastle, New Hampshire*)

None supped, they say, that Lord's Day eve; none slept, they say, that night,
But all night long, with tireless arms, built earthwalls, as best might;
Grandsires, with frost above their brows, the steaming mortar mix;
Dame Tarleton's apron, crisp at dawn, helps hod the yellow bricks.
O night of nights! the blinking dawn beheld the earthwork done.
And from the new martello boomed the echoing morning gun.
One stormy cloud its lips upblew, and as its thunder rolled,
Old England saw, above the smoke, New England's flag unfold,
Then, slowly tacking to and fro, the hostile cruisers made,
To see what force unheralded had flown to Walbach's aid.
"God is our stay!" the parson cried; "Who harkened Israel's wail."
And as he spoke, all in a line, seaward the ships set sail.

— *George Houghton*

29, 1778 Battle of Newport, Rhode Island

In dread array, their tattered crew advanced with colors spread,
Their fifes played Yankee Doodle Doo, John Hancock at their head;
In vain they fought, in vain they fled; their chief, humane and tender,
To save the rest, soon thought it best, his forces to surrender.
Brave Saint Clair, when he first retired, knew what those signs portended;
And Arnold and heroic Gates his conduct have defended.

30, 1813 **Fort Mimms**

O dim waned the moon, through flitting clouds of night,
With a dubious and shadowy gleaming,
Where the ramparts of Mimms rose still on the sight,
And the Star Spangled Banner was streaming.
All careless, umarmed, with wassail rout oppressed,
Its tenants their revelries keeping,
Deemed the red savage foemen distant far, at rest
In their wilds, by their watch-fires, were sleeping.
No whispery breeze, with guardian care impregned
Came fraught with tidings of sorrow;
Nor forboding vision upheld the veil that screened
From their eyes the dread dawn of the morrow.

31, 1765 **Liberty Tree**

In a chariot of light, from the regions of day,
The Goddess of Liberty came;
Ten thousand celestials directed the way
And hither conducted the Dame.
A fair, budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand, as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named — Liberty Tree.

— *Thomas Paine*

SEPTEMBER

1, 1862 **Death of General Phil Kearney**

(*Chantilly, Virginia*)

Close his eyes, his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman?
As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.

—*George Henry Boker*

2, 1675 **The Regicide Warning**

(*Hadley, Massachusetts*)

On a bright Sabbath morn in the fall of the year,
The people had gathered in church to hear
Their minister preach; when there did appear
In the church-door one whose hair white as snow,
And whose quaint old dress told of times long ago.
"In the name of the Lord, I bid you arise,
For a blood-thirsty foe on your border lies."
'Tis said that wherever the bloody fray
Raged hottest and sharpest, leading the way,
That floating white beard, like a comet shone,
But he who delivered them never was known,
When the danger was o'er the stranger was gone.
The dangerous truth for a century slept,
And thus the regicide's secret was kept.—*Fred B. Allen*

3, 1675 **The Women Barricade Boston**

(*King Philip's War*)

A tribe of female hands, with manly hearts,
Forsook their homes, their pastry crust and tarts,
Their undulating silks they closely furl,
The pickaxe one, as the commandress, holds,
While t'other for her awkwardness scolds.
One puffs and sweats, another mutters "Why
Can't you promote your work as fast as I?"
Some dig, some delve while others' hands do feel
The little wagon's weight, with but a single wheel —
These do the work and sturdy bulwarks rise
To guard against an Indian surprise.

— *Benjamin Thompson*

4, 1609 **The Hudson River**

(*Discovered by Henry Hudson*)

I've wandered far from the land of my birth,
  I've seen the old rivers, renowned upon earth;
More glorious still, that wide-flowing stream,
  Which exceeds by far fancy's wild dream.
For it my love will never grow cold,
  Till the channel is dry where its waters flowed.

— *James Russell Lowell*

5, 1858 Lecompton's Black Brigade

Long and fierce was the encounter beneath the burning sky,
Fierce were the threatening gestures — the words rang shrill and high;
In a struggle, long protracted; after seven and fifty shocks,
Like those old gigantic combats in which Titans fought with rocks.
And with "rocks" but of a different kind, no doubt, Corruption fought
This first pitched battle of the war unto its end was brought;
Though our Country stand forever, from her record ne'er will fade
The glory of that combat with Lecompton's Black Brigade;
And, smiling still, with stainless plume and eye as clear as day,
The "Little Giant" held his own through all that murderous fray.

— *Charles Graham Halpine*

6, 1654 Banished from Massachusetts

Over the threshold of his pleasant home,
Set in green clearings, passed the exiled Friend,
In simple trust, misdoubting not the end;
The goodwife gazed on each familiar thing —
The lowing kine, the orchard blossoming,
The open door that showed the hearth fire's blaze —
And calmly answered: "Yes, God will provide."
"Move on, or stay and hang!" the Sheriff cried.
O Mother State, how foiled was thy design —
The gain was theirs, the loss alone was thine.

— *John G. Whittier*

7, 1892 **Death of John Greenleaf Whittier**

His fourscore years and five
Are like a tale that is told;
The quick tears start, there's an ache at the heart,
For we never thought him old.
To our common life and our daily strife
He brought the blessing of Christ;
With a hand-clasp strong and an unhushed song,
He has kept with Death the tryst.

— *Margaret Elizabeth Sangster*

8, 1781 **Battle of Eutaw Springs**

They saw their injured Country's woe,
The flaming town, the wasted field;
They rushed to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear but left the shield.
Led by the conquering genius — Greene,
The Britons they compelled to fly,
None distant viewed that fatal plain —
None grieved in such a cause to die.
At Eutaw Springs, our Valiant died —
Their limbs with dust are covered o'er;
Weep now, ye springs, your fearful tide,
For many heroes are no more.

— *Philip Freneau*

9, 1900 Galveston (Texas) Flood

From beneath the Gulf's horizon, rose a dark and gloomy wall,
Like a spectre — ghostly phantom, like a seeming deadly pall;
Bringing Death in all its sadness; strewing carnage in its path;
Warning people of God's judgment, and re-kindling of His wrath.
In the Southland, by the Gulf side, on fair Texas' verdant shore,
Stands Galveston, draped in mourning, o'er ill-fated days of yore,
And each heart-string quickly vibrates, as the story oft is read,
Of the Gulf's wild storm-struck victims and the number of the dead.

— *John L. E. Grey*

10, 1813 Perry's Victory on Lake Erie

The bullets they hiss and the Englishmen shout —
Oh, the Lawrence is sinking, a wreck;
But with flag yet a-swing, like a great bloody wing,
Perry treads the Niagara's deck.
With a wave of his hand, he has wheeled her about —
Oh, the Nation is holding its breath!
Head foremost he goes in the midst of his foes,
And breaks them and rakes them to death!
Ah, well! the Nation does well to-day,
Setting her bugles to blow;
"We've met the enemy and they are ours!"
We have humbled our haughty foe.

— *Alice Cary*

11, 1777 **Battle of the Brandywine**

(*Marquis de Lafayette*)

A bright September day beheld a contest long and stern,
A youthful nobleman was there his battle task to learn;
And 'mid the iron hail he stood and cheered his fainting men,
Inspired with hope the faltering ranks and rallied them again.
A wound he bears, but heedless all, he presses onward yet,
And Freedom here accepts thy blood, thou gallant Lafayette;
Around thy brow undying wreaths Americans will twine,
And think of thee with throbbing heart — of thee and Brandywine!

12, 1860 **With Walker in Nicaragua**

He was true as God's North Star and brave as Yuba's grizzlies are;
Yet gentle as the panther is, mouthing her young in her first fierce kiss.
Blown from all parts of the earth, the world was ready—keen to smite.
Their hands against their fellow-man, they rode — each man an Ishmaelite.
Strange, strong, bearded men were these he led toward the tropic seas —
Men sometimes of uncommon birth — men rich in histories untold —
Two deep, a musket's length they stood, in sandals, grim and tall —
Gave one long, last look to the sky — a crash — a thud — that was all.

— *Joaquin Miller*

13, 1759 **Death of General James Wolfe**

(*Plains of Abraham*)

In a mouldering cave where the wretched retreat,
Britannia sat wasted with care;
She mourned for her Wolfe and exclaimed against Fate,
And gave herself up to Despair.
On the plains of Quebec, the death-shot was heard;
He begged for a moment's delay;
He cried: "O forbear, let me victory hear,
And then, Death's command I'll obey!"

— *Thomas Paine*

14, 1901 **Assassination of President William McKinley**

He said: "It is God's way,
His will, not ours, be done" —
And o'er the land a shadow lay
That darkened all the sun.
The voice of Jubilee
That gladdens all the air,
Fell sudden to a quivering key,
Of suppliance and of prayer.

— *James Whitcomb Riley*

15, 1862 **"Hooker's Across!"**

Hooker's Across! Hooker's Across!
Fears to the wind, with our standards, we toss,
Moving together straight on, with one breath,
Down to the outburst of passion and Death.
Who would not follow a leader whose blood
Has swelled, like our own, the battle's red flood?
Who bore what we suffered — our wound and our pain —
Bore them with patience and dares them again.

— *George Henry Boker*

16, 1620 **The Pilgrims' Adieu**

The breeze has swelled the whitening sail,
The blue waves curl beneath the gale,
And bounding with the wave and wind,
We leave old England's shore behind —
Leave behind our native land,
Homes, and all we loved before.
For we would rather never be,
Than dwell where mind cannot be free,
But bows beneath a despot's rod,
Even when it seeks to worship God.

— *Thomas Cogswell Upham*

17, 1787 **Adoption of the Constitution**

(*"Building of the Ship"*)

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great,
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee!

— *Henry W. Longfellow*

18, 1845 Establishment of the Immigrant Bureau

(*"Unguarded Gates"*)

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
Names of the four winds — North, South, East and West;
Portals that lead to an enchanted land,
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold.
Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them press a wild, a motley throng —
Men from the Volga and the Tartar Steppes,
Featureless figures from the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Celt and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
Accents of menace alien to our air —
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew.

— *Thomas Bailey Aldrich*

19, 1676 Burning of Jamestown, Virginia

Little Jamestown was our own; could we hold it? Why, no,
  Not if Berkeley could gather more force and return;
But one course was left us to baffle the foe —
  The birds would not come if the nest we should burn;
  So the red, crackling fire
Climbed to roof-top and spire —
A lesson for black-hearted Berkeley to learn.
That our torches destroyed what our fathers had raised
  On that beautiful isle is a matter for blame.
That the houses we dwelt in, the church where they praised,
  Lay smoking ruins next day
And nothing was left of the town but its name.

— *Thomas Dunn English*

20, 1863 Chickamauga, Georgia

"Go, say to General Hooker, to re-inforce the right!"
Said Thomas to his aide-de-camp, when wildly went the fight;
"Where shall I find you, General, when I return?" his lips were sere;
Old Pap Thomas stamped his foot and fiercely answered — "Here!"
Now, Bragg, with pride exultant above our broken wings,
The might of all his army against Pap Thomas brings;
They're massing to the right of him — they're massing to the left,
But the "Rock of Chickamauga" holds the crested cleft.

— *Kate Brownlee Sherwood*

21, 1780 The Treachery of Arnold

The plan is fixed. I fluctuate no more
Betwixt despair and hope: I have passed
The Rubicon. Farewell, my old renown!
Here I breathe mildew on my warrior crown;
Here Honor parts from me, and base deceit
Steps to the usurper's throne. I cannot meet
The withering censure of the rebel band —
Therefore, to treachery I yield this heart and hand.

— *Edward C. Jones*

22, 1776 Nathan Hale — the Martyr Spy

With calm eye and steady brow, he listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear, nor a shadow-trace of gloom,
But with a calm and steady mein, he robes him for the tomb.
In the long night — the still night, he kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold e'en the word of God;
In the long night — the still night, he walks where Christ has trod.
'Neath the blue morn — the sunny morn, he dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose but one life for Liberty;
And on that blue morn — that sunny morn, his spirit-wings are free.

— *Francis Miles Finch*

23, 1778 **The "Bon Homme Richard"**

(*Jean Paul Jones*)

It was a clear and cloudless night, the wind it blew a gale,
On that Autumn night when we raised the light on the Head of Old Kinsale.
What loom there on our starboard bows — she with her consorts four? —
We saw our morning visitor was a British man-of-war.
"Out booms! Out booms!" Our Paul Jones cried: "Out booms and give her sheet!"
And the swiftest keel that ever was launched shot ahead of the British fleet.
And amid a thundering shower of shot, with stun-sails hoisted away,
Down the North Channel, Paul Jones did steer at break of day.

24, 1846 **The Storming of Monterey**

We were not many, we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.
The foe himself recoiled aghast
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

— *Charles Fenno Hoffman*

25, 1813 Capture of the "Morgiana" by the "Saratoga"

This "Saratoga," you shall hear,
Was fitted out as a privateer,
And manned by tars unknown to fear,
From danger never paler.
At sea, they spied a worthy mark,
To try their gallant little bark —
Behold a ship of war! and hark!
They arrogantly hail her.
The foe has eighteen guns or more,
The "Saratoga" only four.
Huzza! my boys, a flag she'll lower,
The prize of the Yankee sailor.

26, 1814 The Loss of the "General Armstrong"

Three British ships came sailing to Fayal
And the Yanke privateer lay close inside.
"Seize the pirate where she lies!" cried the British Admiral;
"And if Portugal protects her, all the worse for Portugal!"
Then the "Armstrong's" Yankee pivot spoke; Pico's thousand echoes woke,
And four baffled, beaten launches drifted helpless on the Bay.
Heaven help that little "Armstrong" in this her hour of bitter need
When the British Captain Reid's shot pierced the privateer's side;
And while the sailors cheered her, she sank her in the tide.
"No foe shall tread her deck, no foreign flag above her wave" —
To the "Armstrong" and Guy Champlin we have a shipman's grave.

— *James J. Roche*

27, 1513 **The Pacific Ocean**

(*Discovered by Vasco Nunez Balboa*)

Here room and kingly silence keep
Companionship in state austere;
The dignity of Death is there —
The large, lone vastness of the deep;
Here Balboa pitched his tent to rest,
His journey ended in the West.

— *Joaquin Miller*

28, 1780 **Marion's Attack**

"No need," said Campbell, "with us for care;
Let Marion's followers beware.
Curse on the ragged, rebel crew,
The halter be their portion too.
Huzza for George!" 'Twas hardly said,
A bullet from the thicket sped,
Struck, in his boast, the boaster dead,
And, bursting on the startled ear,
The tramp of horsemen thundering near.
All thoughts of battle laid aside,
Wings to the flying fear supplied.
But Tarcote's Swamp is deep and drear,
The night was dark — the refuge near,
And Marion's band found hiding there.

— *W. J. Grayson*

29, 1793 The Pestilence in Philadelphia

As the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream till it spreads like a lake in the meadow,
So Death flooded Life and overflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm the oppressor —
All perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger —
Only, alas! the poor who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse — home of the homeless.

— *Henry W. Longfellow*

30, 1565 St. Augustine, Florida

(*Founding of the city*)

A city, built upon the sands,
St. Augustine, the ancient, stands.
The mitred abbot chanted here
The glad *Te Deum* loud and clear,
St. Iago's name was praised,
While trumpets rang and bonfires blazed,
And loud was praised that name so grand —
The kingly name of Ferdinand.

— *Montgomery M. Folsom*

OCTOBER

1, 1833 The Underground Railroad

Here, in our own America, a railroad underground,
Before the Freedom bud had swelled, most active service found;
The narrow, narrow prayer-laid track, on Abolition ties,
The tunnels black, with silence arched and walled with sacrifice.
The motion slow and toilsome was; the engine peril-shod;
The crew and dark-faced passengers together trusted God.
The station-master, e'er alert, glad welcomed every train;
He forwarded with care the fugitives to the next station, where
The bright North Star seemed closer — the chance of capture less.

— *Sarah L. Oberholtzer*

2, 1780 Execution of Major John Andre

On to the quarters of your captain brave,
Secure your prisoner and your country save,
Paulding, Van Wert and Williams — noble three,
We hold you in grateful reverence, though we sigh
For that poor captive youth thus doomed to die.
Ne'er shall the fact be lost that hearts there are
Whose Country's honor far outweighs a crown,
When trembled to a hair, the scales at Tarrytown.

3, 1862 **The Eagle of Corinth**

Our staff was bare of a flag,
We didn't carry a rag
  In those brave, marching days —
Ah, no! But a finer thing —
An eagle of ruffled wing,
  And an eye of awful gaze.
To see, through that iron hail,
How the old fellow'd swoop and sail
But ever came back, without fail,
And perched on the standard-staff.

— *Henry Howard Brownell*

4, 1869 **California's Greeting to Seward**

We know him well; no need of praise,
  Or bonfire on a windy hill;
No seeker of soft paths and ways,
  The world-worn man, we honor still.
He lived to turn his slower feet
  Toward the western, setting sun;
To see his harvest all complete —
  His dream fulfilled, his duty done.

— *Bret Harte*

5, 1813 **The Death of Tecumseh**

The din of steel and the sabred stroke,
As the chiefs of the horsemen contended;
Their rowels were bathed in the purple flood,
That fast from the chargers descended.
One steed reeled and fell, in the van of the fight,
But the rider repressed not his daring,
Till met by Tecumseh, whose rank and might
Were shown by the plume he was wearing.
The moment was fearful; a mightier foe
Had ne'er swung the battle-axe o'er him;
But hope nerved his arm for a desperate blow,
And Tecumseh fell prostrate before him.

6, 1863 **Quantrell's Victory at Baxter Springs, Arkansas**

Sudden from tree and thicket green,
From trunk and mound and bushy screen,
A thousand death-bolts sung.
Then wild, as if the earth were riven,
Then, loud beneath the dome of heaven,
Was heard the victorious Confederate Yell.

7, 1777 **Arnold at Stillwater**

(*Bemis' Heights*)

"Forward!" he shouted and spurring on through the sally-port then,
Fell, sword in hand, on the Hessians, close behind him our men.
Back shrank the foemen in terror, off went their forces pell-mell,
Firing one Parthian volley — struck by it, Arnold fell.
"General Gates sends his orders — faltering the aide-de-camp spoke —
"You're to return, lest some rashness" — Fiercely the speech Arnold broke:
"Rashness! Why, yes, tell the General the rashness he dreaded is done —
Tell him the redcoats are beaten — tell him the battle is won!"

— *Thomas Dunn English*

8, 1871 **The Chicago Fire**

I heard the city's terror — I heard the city's cry,
As a flame leaped out of her bosom, up to the brazen sky;
And wilder rose the tumult, and thicker the tidings came —
Chicago, Queen of the cities, was a rolling sea of flame.
Destruction wasted the city, but the burning curse that came
Enkindled throughout the whole country sweet Charity's holy flame;
The rich gave of their abundance — the poor, their willing hands;
There was wine from all the vineyards and corn from all the lands.

— *Henry M. Lock*

9, 1792 **Washington's Lament Over Lafayette**

(*Imprisoned in an Austrian Dungeon*)

Helpless Lafayette, midst thy error,
How my soul thy worth reveres —
Son of Freedom, tyrant's terror —
Hero of both hemispheres,
What reward for thee remains?
Exile, poverty and chains.— *William Bradford*

10, 1661 The King's Missive

"Bring hither the Quaker!" Calm, sedate,
With the look of a man at ease with Fate,
Into that presence, grim and dread,
Came Samuel Shattuck, with his hat on his head.
"Off with the knave's hat!" An angry hand
Smote down the offence; but the wearer said,
With a quiet smile: "By the King's command,
I bear his message and stand in his stead."
Endicott turned to the Quaker, bowing low;
"The King commandeth — God grant the spirit you own
May take you hence to parts unknown."

— *John G. Whittier*

11, 1780 The "Swamp Fox"

They sat on the trunk of a fallen pine; their plate was a piece of bark,
The sweet potatoes were superfine, though bearing the ember's mark.
Quoth the British officer — "Lenten fare? Is your table always so slim?"
Said Marion, "This is a royal feast; often roots and water to the flowing brim,
Mother Earth is our downy bed, when hunger its fangs foregoes;
In Freedom's cause we draw no pay, but gladly face its foes."
Turning away, the officer vowed he'd fight no such men as these;
If he dared to face such a Spartan band, in his veins the blood would freeze.
From Marion's camp, with saddened heart, he hastened with awe, away;
The sons of Anek his eyes had seen and a giant race were they.
No more on tented field was he, and rich was the truth he learned —
That men who could starve for Liberty could neither be crushed nor spurned.

12, 1492 Columbus Discovers America

"Back to Spain!" cried the sailors; "put the vessel about!
We venture no further through danger and doubt,"
"Three days and I'll give you a world," he replied;
"Bear up, my comrades. Three days shall decide."
"Land! Land!" cry the sailors. "How blessed the sight!
The Land — oh, dear spectacle — transport — delight!"
O generous sobs, which he cannot restrain —
What will Ferdinand say? and the Future? and Spain?
He will lay this fair land at the foot of the throne —
The King will repay all the ills he has known —
In exchange for a world, what are honors or gains? —
Or a crown? — How is he rewarded? — With prison and chains.

13, 1812 Queenstown Heights

Here they stood! and whilst each sigh
Which closed a patriot's bright career,
Rose to the mercy seat on high,
And sought that boon it found not here.
Yes, there they bled! — the gallant few
Who, in their injured Country's cause,
To arms and righteous vengeance flew;
Now dared, when honor called, to pause.

14, 1862 Army of the Cumberland

(*Organized*)

The granite hills of your own loved North
Were emblems of your strength and worth.
The nation whose torn heart hath sent you forth,
The nation for whose life you pledged your own,
Looks proudly on you, and although the while,
With overfull heart and tearful eye, can smile
And say, while counting o'er each blood-stained file:
O Army of the Cumberland, well done!

15, 1746 Destruction of the Hostile French Fleet

The Admiral D'Anville had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel, our helpless Boston town.
In Old South Church we prayed, for our hearts were all a-flame,
And e'en as we prayed, the answering tempest came.
It came with mighty power, shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower as it tolls at funerals.
The heavens were black with clouds; the sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud howled that October gale.
The fleet it overtook, and the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook, or the curtain of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks crashed the o'erwhelming seas —
Ah! never was there wreck as pitiful as these.

— *Henry W. Longfellow*

16, 1859 How John Brown Took Harper's Ferry

"Take the town, seize the muskets, free the negroes and then arm them;
Carry the County and the State — beat the opposition down.
On their heads be the slaughter, if their victims rise to harm them —
We'll declare a new Republic or my name is not John Brown."
"'Tis God's work," declared the Captain, "do it on a holy night!"
It was on a Sunday evening and before the noon of Monday;
With two sons and Captain Stephens, fifteen privates — black and white,
John Brown crossed the bridge Potomac and knocked the sentry down;
Took the guarded armory building and the muskets and the cannon;
Captured all the County Majors, and the Colonels, one by one;
Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia, as they ran,
And before the noon of Monday, Brown and his eighteen
Other crazy men went in and took the town.

— *Edmund Clarence Stedman*

17, 1777 **Surrender of Burgoyne**

(*Saratoga*)

Out of their camp an army marched, with solemn tread and slow,
The trumpeters were silent now, no note had they to blow;
St. George's banner trailed in dust and 'twould not rise again,
And England's chivalry was dim on Saratoga's plain.

18, 1812 **The "Wasp's" Frolic**

'Twas on board the sloop-of-war, "Wasp," we set sail from Delaware Bay;
To cruise on Columbia's fair coast, our Rights to maintain on the sea.
Three days were not past from our station, when the "Frolic" came up to our view.
Said Jones — "Show the flag of our Nation and give three cheers for our crew!"
The "Wasp" soon her stings from her sides ran, and on them a broadside was poured;
Full fifty bold Britons were slaughtered while our guns swept their masts overboard.
On their decks, we their twenty guns counted, with a crew to answer the same —
Eighteen was the number we mounted, served by lads of true game.

19, 1781 **Yorktown**

(*Surrender of the British*)

From Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,
Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill;
Who curbs his steed at head of one?
Hark! the low murmur — Washington.
Now, all is hushed; the gleaming lines
Stand moveless as the neighboring pines;
While through them, sullen, grim and slow
The conquered hosts of England go.

— *John G. Whittier*

20, 1692 **Mistress Hale of Beverly**

(Salem, Mass., Witchcraft)

"Woe! Mistress Hale tormenteth me!" Silence fell and amaze —
Judge and minister fixed on each other horror-stricken gaze,
Ere long, the judges looked and wondered at the vain mummeries
of woe —
Looked and wondered — and let the accused go.
For well the land knew Mistress Hale's rare loveliness and worth;
Her virtues bloomed like flowers of heaven along the path of earth.
In Salem village there was Peace; with witch-craft trials, passed
That night-mare terror from the vexed New England air at last.
Truth — made transparent in the tried gold of character
Of Mistress Hale. And this is all that History says of her;
But her upright life, like sunshine, broke the hideous midnight
spell,
And sight restored again to eyes obscured by films of hell.

— *Lucy Larcom*

21, 1861 **Ball's Bluff**

Big Bethel, Bull Run and Ball's Bluff —
Alliteration of blunders!
Of blunders, more than enough in a time
Full of blunders and wonders.
Ten thousand men against six,
Led as the blind lead the blind;
Two thousand men hemmed in by six,
And the rushing river behind.
Yet, no one's to blame. Well, then
Who issued that murderous order?
We men may forgive and forget,
But not the Eternal Recorder.

22, 1854 **The Kansas Emigrant**

We crossed the prairies as of old the Pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East, the homestead of the Free.
We go to rear a wall of men on Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton tree, the rugged northern pine.
We go to plant the common school on distant prairie fen,
We go to test the Word of God against the fraud of men.

— *John G. Whittier*

23, 1781 **Hearing the News in Philadelphia**

"Past two o'clock, and Cornwallis is taken!"
I can see the quick lights flare,
See the glad, wild face at the window,
Half-dumb in a breathless stare.
In the pause in an hour portentous,
In the gloom of a hope forlorn,
How it throbbed to the star-deep heavens,
Like the cry of a Nation born.

— *Lewis Worthington Smith*

24, 1852 **Death of Daniel Webster**

The great are falling from us — to the dust
Our flag droops midway, full of many sighs;
A nation's glory and a nation's trust
Lie in the ample pall where Webster lies.
And Marshfield's giant oak, whose stormy brow
Oft turned the ocean tempest from the West,
Lies on the shore he guarded long — and now
Our startled eagle knows not where to rest.

— *T. Buchanan Read*

25, 1812 The "United States" and the "Macedonian"

So fierce and so bright did our flashes aspire,
They thought that their cannon had set us on fire;
"The Yankee's in flames!" Every British tar hears,
Then the "Macedonian" gave three hearty cheers.
In seventeen minutes they found their mistake,
And were glad to surrender and fall in our wake;
Her decks were with carnage and blood deluged o'er,
Where weltering in blood, lay one hundred and four.

26, 1780 MacDonald's Raid

McDonald arose and unsheathing his blade,
Cried: "Who'll back me, brave comrades? I am hot for a raid."
We leaped at his summons, all eager and bright,
To our finger-tips eager to join him in fight.
In a trice we were mounted: MacDonald's tall form,
Seated firm in his saddle, his face like a storm.
The big Britons, oblivious of warfare and arms,
A soft *dolce* were wrapped in, not dreaming of harms.
Through the town, like a whirlwind, we sped,
And ere long, be assured, our broadswords were red.
And the ground, here and there, by an ominous stain,
Showed how the stark soldier beside it was slain.

— *Paul Hamilton Hayne*

27, 1864 **Destruction of the "Albemarle"**

Plainly intent, Cushing urged his keel
Full on the guns and touched the spring;
Himself involved in the bolt he drove,
Timed with the armed hull's shot that stove
His shallop — die or do!"
Into the flood of his life he threw —
Yet lived — unscathed — a breathing thing
To marvel at.

— *Herman Melville*

28, 1775 **The Prize of the "Margaretta"**

Four young men heard how with sword and gun,
We had fought the British at Lexington;
They gazed on the "Margaretta," where she lay,
And prepared to capture her out on the Bay.
A sound of thunder, echoing wide,
Came from the "Margaretta's" side;
The young men aimed a gun at the schooner then,
And sent the compliment back again.
The Western nation, now to be,
Thus made her first fight on the sea;
But not till forty men were slain,
Did the "Pine Tree Flag" the victory gain.

— *Will Carleton*

29, 1676 **Death of Nathaniel Bacon**

(*Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia*)

Did his foes confess withal,
'Twas their guilt styled him a criminal?
Only this difference doth Truth concede —
They in their guilt; he, in the law, must bleed.
Here let him rest; while we this truth report,
He's gone from hence unto a higher Court;
To plead his cause where he, by this, doth know
Whether to Virginia he was friend or foe.

30, 1881 **Death of George De Long**

(*Arctic Explorer*)

Northward and East, the raving Arctic wind
Stabbed at their hearts, pierced bone and marrow through;
While o'er their heads, strange birds of omen flew.
Then, stayed and stopped, the hungry ice beneath
Gnawed, ravening at the vessel's groaning sheath.
The weeks grew months — the months grew years — and then
Behold, the dead's records found by fellow-men.
Gaunt corpses, in weird solitude they lie,
With Aurora's signet stamped upon the sky.

— *Andrew E. Watrous*

31, 1687 **The Charter Oak**

Once there came, in days of yore,
A minion from the mother shore —
High words spoke Andros and stretched his hand
Young Freedom's Charter to demand.
But lo! it vanished from his sight,
And sudden darkness fell like night.
He, baffled still, in wrath and pain
Though groping, sought the prize in vain.
The Charter Oak, through storm and blast,
Hid safe, till the days of dread were past;
Then, from her faithful breast, restored
The treasure to the rightful lord.

— *Lydia Huntley Sigourney*

NOVEMBER

1, 1836 **"Never! Never! Never!"**

(*Henry Clay*)

You ask me if I'd rend the scroll, our fathers' names are written o'er;
If I would see that flag unroll its mingled stars and stripes no more —
Our Country measured, parcelled out, tamely surrendered forever
To gratify a lawless rout of traitors — Never! never! never!
Dissolve the Union! Thus remove that last asylum that is known,
Where patriots find a welcoming love, and Truth may shelter from a throne —
Give up the hopes of high renown — the legacy our fathers willed —
The Union of this glorious land? I answer — Never! never! never!

2, 1635 **Settlement of Connecticut**

'Twas but a rough land — of earth and stone and tree,
Where breathed no castle lord or cabin'd slave;
Where thoughts and tongues and hands were bold and free;
With them, friends find a welcome — foes a grave;
Where none need kneel, save when to Heaven they'd pray —
Nor even then, unless in their own way.

— *Fitz-Greene Halleck*

3, 1813 Battle of Tallahatchie, Florida

Hark, in the troubled South, what means this roar?
Like forests in a storm's tumultuous glee,
Or like the waves on dread Atlantic's shore —
It reels and breaks round Tallahatchie!
This is the conquest of a savage band.
He who had earned broad fame in many wars —
America's brave Coffee in command,
Marshals his battle-hardened regulars.
Now, in his green haunts, no longer to give sway,
The Creek looks forth — a hunted beast, at bay.

4, 1851 Death of George Peabody

Why should we mourn or weep for the tree that sheltered the young green wood?
For the eagle that died in the tempest, afar from its ærie brood?
Tears are never for those who die with the face to duty alone;
But we mourn for the fledglings left on the waste where the wild waves run.
Like a silver trumpet sounding the note of human Right,
Peabody's arm was ready to enter the weak one's fight.
In him the world found a teacher, and the lesson he taught was good:
Mankind is one in its Rights and Wrongs — one human brotherhood.

— *John Boyle O'Reilly*

5, 1504 **The Vision of Columbus**

(*In Prison*)

One gentle guardian once could shield the brave,
But Queen Isabella now slumbers in the grave,
Dissembling friends who such early joy me gave,
And fired my youth, the storms of life to brave,
Who swarmed in the sunshine of my happier days,
Who pursued my fortune and cheered me with their praise —
Now pass my cell with smiles of sour disdain,
Insult my woes and triumph o'er my pain.

— *Joel Barlow*

6, 1869 **Death of Charles Stewart**

("*The Old Admiral*")

Gone at last,
That brave old hero of the past!
And all of him that was earth
Lies cold and mute.
He was the one
Whom Death had spared alone
Of all the captains of that lusty age,
Who sought the foeman where he lay
On sea or sheltering bay;
Nor till the prize was theirs,
Repressed their loyal rage —
They are gone — all gone.

— *Edmund Clarence Stedman*

7, 1861 — The Port Royal Dance

Each ship advanced in order, each commander wore a smile,
Until the famed "Vandalia" brought up the rear in style;
And as our guns were shortest, we balanced to the right,
Which brought us to the enemy, the closest in the fight.
When round Port Royal Bay, we took a Highland Fling,
And showed them in Fort Walker how merrily we could sing.
We poured in their broadside, which brought their courage low,
And o'er the Rebel batteries, our Union flag did flow.

— *R. S. Burk*

8, 1893 — Death of Francis Parkman

He told the red man's story, far and wide,
  He searched the unknown annals of his race;
He sat a listener at the Sachem's side,
  He tracked the hunter through the wild wood chase.
Halting with feeble step, or bending o'er
  The sweet-breathed roses that he loved so well;
While through long years his burdening cross he bore,
  From those firm lips no coward accents fell.
A brave, bright memory! His, the stainless shield
  No shame defaces and no envy mars!
When our far future's record is unsealed,
  His name will shine among its morning stars.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes*

9, 1822 **Death of Captain William Allen**

(*Fight with West Indian Pirates*)

He hears of outrage done by ruffian hordes,
Whose savage hearts are harder than their swords.
At suffering's cry he ne'er was known to wave;
His hand was ready and his soul was brave!
He meets the foe — he conquers! — O the rest!
The fatal bullet lodges in his breast;
He falls! as crimson life gushed out, he cried:
"Tell them I bravely fought, and bravely died!"

— *William Leggett*

10, 1872 **After the Boston Fire**

What hue shall paint the mocking light
That burned and stained the orient skies,
Where peaceful morning loves to rise,
As if the sun had lost his way
And dawned to make a second day.
The cloud still hovers overhead,
And still the midnight sky is red.
Hope, only Hope, of all that clings
Around us, never spreads her wings.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes*

11, 1794 **Birthday of Edward Everett**

A willing kindness, a ready trust,
A bit of blindness to moth and rust;
A balm of laughter for anger's heat,
A brave heart after a sore defeat.
A glad hope clinging to each new day,
A patience leaving no stony way;
A warm faith summing all life worth while,
Yet, at Death's coming, a fearless smile.

12, 1620 Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
As a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

— *Felicia Hemans*

13, 1620 First Proclamation of Miles Standish

Next day, for the Pilgrim Mothers, Miles Standish, the record says,
Ordained for their new-found England, the first of her washing-days;
And there did the Pilgrim Fathers, with match-lock and axe well-slung,
Keep guard o'er the smoking kettles that propt on the crotches hung.
The children were mad with pleasure, as they gathered the twigs in sheaves,
And piled on the fire the fagots, and heaped up the autumn leaves.
So the first Proclamation of Standish, whose fame has a world-wide sway,
Was — to fashion a crane for the kettle and proclaim a washing-day.

— *Margaret J. Preston*

14, 1863 **Huff's Ferry, Tennessee**

(*The 107th Illinois Volunteers*)

They charge with fire and steel, they thunder o'er the plain;
The Confederate legions reel — the ground is piled with slain;
The stricken foes divide. Like Jordan's fearful tide;
To the right and left, as smote by the hand of Heaven,
Their ranks are cleft, by the brave One Hundred and Seventh.

— *Richard Kirke*

15, 1862 **White Sulphur Springs, Virginia**

On, on, do not think of the fallen, but drink
Of the mad, living cataract torrent of war!
On! on! let them feel the cold vengeance of steel.
Huzza! Here's a trench — in and out of it — wrench
We, from the jaws of the cannon, the guerdon of fame.
We snuff the burnt powder, we plunge in the glare,
Down the hill — up the glen — over bodies of men,
Rushing to glory.

— *Nathan David Urner*

16, 1776 **Battle of Fort Washington**

("*The Tears of Washington*")

We lesser folk, from the poorer plan, who think of Washington
As something more than a mortal man — as an unmoved, holy one,
Should remember that weary November day when he stood within Fort Lee,
To see its sister fort the prey of a ruthless enemy.
When he saw the Hessian butchers there, with brutal sword and cheer,
Fall on his unarmed soldiers ere the British could interfere.
His sad heart bowed, he wept great tears for those hapless prisoners—
For his heart knew all his country's fears — his piteousness was hers.

— *Ernest L. Valentine*

17, 1863 Longstreet's Visit to Knoxville

The Confederates made a bold advance, to bag us they intended;
And up the hill on double-quick the cavalry ascended.
But little did old Longstreet know the boys he had to meet him;
They'd fought on old Virginia's shore at Bull Run and Antietam.
Our battery's fire and Burnside's wire caused them for to stumble,
And head-over-heels into the ditch like bull-frogs they did tumble.

— *J. W. Miller*

18, 1576 Sir Humphrey Gilbert

Southward with fleet of ice, sailed the corsair — Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast, and the east wind was his breath.
Eastward from Campobello, Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more, seaward he bore — then, alas! the land-wind failed.
Out of the sea mysteriously, Death clung to their shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed, seemed to rake the clouds.
Southward — forever, southward, they drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream, sinking — vanish all away.

— *Henry W. Longfellow*

19, 1867 Death of Fitz-Greene Halleck

Call not our poet dead,
Though on his turf we tread;
Green is the wreath his brow so long has worn —
This minstrel of the morn,
Who, while the orient burned with new-born flame,
Caught the celestial fire
And struck a Nation's lyre.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes*

20, 1808 **Skipper Ireson's Ride**

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's out of Marblehead.
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead.
Small pity for him, for he sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own townspeople on her deck.
"Hear me, neighbors," at length he cried,
"What to me is, this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from its reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me, I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead,
As I ride in the cart at Marblehead."

— *John G. Whittier*

21, 1796 **Columbus' Remains Removed to Havana**

Here, 'mid these paradises of the seas,
The roof beneath, of this cathedral old,
That lifts its suppliant arms above the trees,
Each clasping in its hand a cross of gold,
Columbus sleeps — his crumbling tomb behold.
By faith his soul rose eagle-winged and free,
Walked 'mid the kindred stars and reverently —
And, following Christ, he walked upon the sea;
The waves upheld him — what is here is dust.

— *Hezekiah Butterworth*

22, 1718 Downfall of Pirate "Black-Beard" Teach

Valiant Maynard, as he sailed, soon the Pirate did espy,
With his trumpet he then hailed; and to him they did reply;
"Captain Teach is our Commander." Maynard said, "He is the man
Whom I have resolved to hang, sir — let him do the best he can."
Maynard boarded him and took it — they fell with sword and pistol too;
They had the courage and did show it, killing off the Pirate Crew.
Teach and Maynard, on the quarter, fought it out most manfully;
Maynard's sword did cut his shorter — losing his head, he there did die.
When the bloody fight was over (we're informed by letter writ)
Teach's head was made a cover to the jack-staff of the ship;

— *Benjamin Franklin*

23, 1863 Chattanooga

Their hearts outran the General's plan, though Grant commanded there;
The summit cannon plunge their flame sheer down the primal wall;
But up and up each linking troop in stretching festoons crawl,
Near and more near till now the flags run like a catching flame;
And one flares highest, to peril nighest — he means to have a name.
Ah, the staff is caught, and now a rush — and then a leap where Death has led;
Flag answering flag along the crest and swift the Confederates fled.

— *Herman Melville*

24, 1863 Lookout Mountain

"Give me but two brigades," said Hooker, frowning at fortified Lookout,
"And I'll engage to sweep yon mountain clear of that mocking rebel rout."
We could see the gray-coats swarming up from the mountain's leafy base,
To join their comrades in the higher fastness — for life or death's the race!
How the bald head of Lookout flamed and bellowed, and all its batteries woke
And down the mountain poured the bomb-shells, puffing in our eyes their smoke.
Out on a crag walked something — What? Who would tread yon giddy height?
See that gallant soldier clambering forward into the full rich light;
Now, up he starts with sudden movement, and from the blazing crag
He flings upon the morning breeze, the dear old Union flag.
What followed then? Scarred and war-worn veterans flushed in spite of tan,
And from ten thousand voices the shouts of Victory ran.

— *George Henry Boker*

25, 1863 **Missionary Ridge**

Fearless, from the northern summits, looked the traitors where they lay,
On the gleaming Union army, marshalled as for muster-day,
Till the sudden shout of battle thundered up its wild alarms,
And they dropped their idle glasses for a hurried rush to arms.
Soon the heaven is wild with shouting; fiery shot and bayonet keen
Gleam and glance where Freedom's angels battle in the blue serene.
We have conquered — God's own legions! Well our foes may be dismayed,
Standing in His mountain temple, calling the Almighty's aid.
See that rush of cloud-borne armies, rolling back the Nation's shame,
Fierce as sight of Judgment Day and its flash of angry flame.
How the loyal peaks of Lookout in that shouting seemed to throb —
And the star-flag of our Country waved in smoke on Orchard Knob.

— *Theron Brown*

26, 1646 **Eliot's Oak**

Beneath the ancient oak, in days remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide
Beneath the oaks at Mamre, the unknown
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
His Bible in a language that hath died
And is forgotten since years have flown.

— *Henry W. Longfellow*

27, 1621 **The First Thanksgiving Day**

"And now," said the Governor, gazing abroad on the piled-up store
Of sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered the meadows o'er,
"'Tis meet that we render praises because of this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for His sun and rain.
And therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people), Governor of Plymouth, say—
Through virtue of vested power — ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold on the Twenty-seventh day of November, Thanksgiving to the Lord!"

—*Margaret J. Preston*

28, 1847 **Death of Dr. Marcus Whitman**

The bravest of the brave is the man
Who, far out on yonder lonely frontier,
With wife and babe, fought in the van —
Fought on, fought on, year after year.
All honor give to the man unknown
Who fought alone — who fell alone.
Here — here beside brave Whitman's dust,
Let us be bravely, frankly just.

— *Joaquin Miller*

28, 1682 **Penn's Treaty with the Indians**

"We meet," he said, "upon the open highway
Of good will and honest faith and duty.
Let Love fraternal brighten every by-way,
And Peace inviolate be thy way as my way,
Till all the forests blossom with new beauty."
So spake our Friend and they revered his teaching;
They said, "We will be true to thee and thine."
And through long seasons toward their future reaching,
No act was shown their plighted faith impeaching —
Marring the compact, loving and divine.

— *T. Buchanan Read*

30, 1782 **Columbia**

(*Independence Acknowledged by Great Britain*)

Columbia, on you are fixed the wide world's wondering eyes;
Old nations that are scarred with wars put on a look most wise
And hide, with patronizing air, their envy of your power
And offer you their free advice, in this great crucial hour.
Columbia, the whole Old World can never bar your way;
When Prejudice with Progress copes, we know who wins the day.
The banner that you hold aloft is not a tyrant's rag;
"Old Glory" ever was, it is and will be Freedom's Flag.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

DECEMBER

1, 1864 **Engagement at Stony Creek, Virginia**

(Weldon Railroad)

Brightly gleam the clashing sabres, wild the hiss of leaden rain,
Swift upon the gray-coats, riding down the narrow lane,
Come the Union Cavalry, eager for the scented fray,
With impetus unchecking, quick they drive the "Rebs" away.

2, 1859 **Death of John Brown**

They knew not, when from his old eyes, they shut the world forever-
more
The ladder by which angels come rested firmly on his dungeon door.
They deemed no vision bright could cheer his stony couch and
prison ward;
He slept to dream of Heaven and rose to build a Bethel to the Lord.
They tried to conquer and subdue, by marshalled power and bitter
hate;
The simple manhood of the man was braver than the armed State.
They hoped, at last, to make him feel the felon's shame — the
felon's dread;
And lo! the martyr's crown of joy settled forever on his head.

— *Phœbe Cary*

3, 1825 The "Monroe Doctrine"

Our flag on the land and our flag on the sea,
An angel of peace wherever it goes;
Nobly sustained by Columbia's devotion,
An angel of Death it shall be to our foes.
While the Gulf's billows break — echoing our northern lakes,
The ocean replies unto ocean afar;
Yield we no inch of land while there's a patriot hand
Grasping the bolts of the Thunders of War.

— *T. Buchanan Read*

4, 1783 Fraunce's Tavern

(*Washington's Farewell to His Fellow Officers*)

He pledged them in the ruddy stream, with faltering voice and slow;
His eye with moisture dimmed its beam, for heroes, grief may show.
"Brothers in arms! A long farewell; rent is the silken tie,
And here our bosoms heave and swell in parting company.
Come each and give the faithful grasp and lock your hands in mine;
Brothers in arms — one final clasp, above this pledge in wine; —
Your Past! Fame claims it as her dower; your Future — Peace will share;
Farewell and may God His blessing shower and make you each His care!"

5, 1838 "The Buck-shot War"

In Pennsylvania's halls of state, the Legislature met;
Without the doors an armed throng warred, each party's ire to whet.
To show disdain of violence, the House assembled sat;
And while the Senate stood adjourned, the "Whig" fought "Democrat."
In twenty days the "Buck-shot War" revolved, like nimble acrobat,
The entire State, from Governor down, from Whig to Democrat.

— *Nellie Urner Wallington*

6, 1888 **Death of Jefferson Davis**

No paltry promptings of unglutted hate,
The Nation feels for him who erst assailed
Her life and strove, against the will of Fate,
To found an empire and destroy a state.
Be this his epitaph — When others quailed
He staked his all upon one cast of Fate
And lost — and lived to know that he had failed.
— *Harry Thurston Peck*

7, 1835 **Battle of San Antonio, Texas**

(*"Ben Milam"*)

O'er thy tomb shall pilgrims weep
And pray to Heaven in murmurs low
That peaceful be the hero's sleep
Who conquered San Antonio.
For bravest of the Texan clime,
Who fought to make her children free,
Was MILAM, and his death sublime
Linked with undying Liberty.
— *William H. Wharton*

8, 1776 **Washington Crossing the Delaware**

He spread his banner blue and broad,
He dashed the dead sun's stripes in place,
Wild War walked heaven-fire shod
And lit the Chieftain's face,
Till every soldier's heart was stirred,
Till every sword shook in its sheath —
"Look up and dare, for God is there!"
With God's flag above; and ice beneath;
They crossed so still, they only heard
The icebergs grind their teeth. — *Joaquin Miller*

9, 1871 **Farewell Banquet to Grand Duke Alexis**

One word to the guests we have gathered to greet!
The echoes are longing that word to repeat —
It springs to the lips that are waiting to part,
For the syllables spell themselves first in the heart,
That word in our language, he now must know well,
But another remains that is harder to spell;
We will speak it so ill, if he wishes to learn
How we utter "Farewell," he will have to return.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes*

10, 1692 **The "Old South Church"**

The aisle of the ancient church,
By equal feet are trod,
And the bell that swings in its belfry
Rings Freedom to worship God!
And so long as Boston shall Boston be,
And her bay-tides rise and fall,
Shall Freedom stand in the "Old South Church"
And plead for the rights of all.

— *John G. Whittier*

11, 1832 **Andrew Jackson's "Nullification Proclamation"**

Thou standest nearest to thy Country's sire,
Thou fearless man of uncorrupted heart;
Well worthy undivided praise thou art,
And 'twill be thine when slumbers party ire.
Thy stern, unselfish spirit dared the Right,
And battled 'gainst the Wrong. Thy holy aim
Was Freedom in its largest sense, despite
Misconstrued motives and unmeasured blame.

— *James Lawson*

12, 1765 **Patrick Henry**

They have forged our massive chains,
Clank they now on Boston's plains;
Iron heel is on our shore,
Myrmidons come thronging o'er.
God of hosts, we appeal to Thee,
We who pant for Liberty!
Here, among our breezy hills,
Here, beside our dancing rills,
Here, where broad savannahs sweep,
Swords, like flame shall fiercely leap,
Hills and streams and plains shall be
Ours only — and we Shall Be Free!

13, 1862 **Fredericksburg**

Was ever a march so grand and so solemn?
At last, the dark summit with flame is enlined;
And the great guns belch doom on the sacrificed columns
That reel from the height, leaving hundreds behind.
The column had reeled but it is not defeated;
In front of the guns they reform and attack,
Six times they have done it — and six times retreated —
Twelve hundred they came — and two hundred go back.

— *John Boyle O'Reilly*

14, 1799 **Death of George Washington**

In that dread moment, awfully serene,
No trace of suffering marred his placid mien;
Calm in Christian hope, undamped by fear,
He saw the bright reward of virtue near.
On that bright morn, in surest trust reposed,
And with that Hope, his dying eyelids closed,
Pleased to the will of Heaven to resign his latest breath,
And smiled, as Nature's struggles closed in Death.

— *Richard Alsop*

15, 1782 Evacuation of Charleston, South Carolina

His triumphs of a moment done,
His race of desolation run,
The Briton, yielding to his fears,
To other shores with sorrow steers.
Farewell to men of that base coin!
Rejoicing now the friends of Freedom join,
And while they meet where once they bled,
Rejoice to find their tyrants fled.

— *Philip Freneau*

16, 1773 The Boston Tea-Party

An evening party — only that — no formal invitation,
No gold-laced coat, no stiff cravat, no feast in contemplation,
No silken-robed dames, no fiddling band, no flowers, no songs, no dancing,
But a tribe of Redmen, axe in hand, compose the guests advancing.
How quick they rush where the tea-ships ride — and now their ranks are forming,
A rush — and up the "Dartmouth's" side, the Mohawk band is swarming.
See the fierce natives! What a glimpse of fur and leather breeches—
Then out that cursed cargo leaps and overboard it pitches.

17, 1807 Birthday of John Greenleaf Whittier

Beside the "Merrimack" he sung
His earliest songs — a Quaker boy,
His father's mowing fields among,
With brook and bird to share his joy.
And still he'll sing by the solemn sea,
That tripped through its vast unrest;
Until the poet's land be free —
No war-throb in its breast.

— *Lucy Larcom*

18, 1675 **The Swamp Fight**

(*King Philip's War*)

Through fever swamp and marshy brake,
Wherever the danger came;
Till their names are writ in solid rock,
On the topmost heights of Fame.
Oft, prone and stiff, under bush and brake,
Wounded and dead men lie,
While the Winter sun, on a grand deed done,
Looks down with approving eye.

— *William Hamilton Hayne*

19, 1878 **Death of Bayard Taylor**

Dead he lay among his books!
The peace of God was in his looks.
Ah! his eye will never more
Scan his storied pages o'er.
In that vast ethereal space,
Shines now the light upon thy face.
In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night?

—*Henry W. Longfellow*

20, 1860 **Secession of South Carolina**

(*Jonathan's Lament*)

She has gone — she has left us in passion and pride —
Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side!
She has torn her own star from our firmament's glow,
And turned on her sisters the face of a foe.
O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
There are battles with Fate that can never be won!
And when your heart aches and your feet have grown sore,
Remember the pathway still leads to our door!

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes*

21, 1864 Surrender of Savannah, Georgia

Defeat and defeat! It was here, just here,
In the very height of fret and fear —
Click! Click! Across the electric wire
Came suddenly flashing words of fire.
Faster and faster the great news came,
Flashing along like tongues of flame —
McAllister's ours! And then — ah, then!
To that patient, tender and noblest of men,
This message from Sherman came flying swift —
"I send you Savannah for a Christmas gift!"

— *Nora Perry*

22, 1897 Prophetic Toast to Commodore Dewey

Fill up your glasses full to-night; the wind is off the shore;
And be it feast or be it fight — we pledge the Commodore.
Through days of storm — through days of calm, on broad Pacific seas;
At anchor off the Isles of Palm, or with the Japanese;
We know our honor'll be unstained, where'er his pennant flies,
Our rights respected and maintained, whatever power defies.
And when he takes the homeward tack, beneath an admiral's flag,
We'll hail the day that brings him back and welcomes will not lag.

23, 1783 Washington Resigns His Commission

Take back my commission — when 'twas given, I said I was content
To fight till all our chains were riven, nor ask emolument.
Take back the trust and say that I have earned a good degree;
Let my dear Country testify that she was all to me.
She knows I come with conscience clear, with calm, approving breast,
To leave my tried commission here and take me home to rest.

24, 1635 Samuel de Champlain

(Quebec)

'Tis the fortress of St. Louis, the church of Recoverance;
And hangs o'er the crystal crosses the silver lilies of France.
In the fortress a knight lies dying — in the church are priests at prayer,
And the bell of the Angelus sweetly throbs on the crimsoned air.
He lists to the Angelus ringing — he folds his thin hands on his breast,
And lo! o'er the pine-clouded forest a Star verges low in the West.
"I am dying — I depart, like Simeon old, my glad feet go.
A Star is shining in my heart, such as the Magi saw, and lo!
As though again to earth draw near, celestial messengers of flame —
Hark! music fills my dying ear — 'Immanuel!' They sing His Name!"

— *Hezekiah Butterworth*

25, 1862 Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia

The wintry blast goes wailing by; the snow is falling overhead;
I hear the lonely sentry's tread and distant watch-fires' light the sky.
Our thoughts go wandering to and from, vibrating 'twixt Now and Then;
We see the halls wreathed in mistletoe in our far-off homes again.
Our sabres swinging on the bough, gleam in the watch-fires' fitful glow,
While fiercely drives the blinding snow aslant our saddened brow.
There's not a comrade with us that night but knows that loved ones far away
On bended knee that night will pray for the Army of Northern Virginia.

— *Charles Edward Garry*

26, 1776 **Battle of Trenton**

In silent march we passed the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
  Though quite benumbed with frost,
Greene, on the left, at six began —
The right was led by Sullivan,
  Who ne'er a moment lost.
The pickets stormed, the alarm was spread —
"The Rebels, risen from the dead,
  Are marching in the town!"
Some scampered here, some scampered there,
And some for action did prepare;
  But soon their arms laid down.

27, 1837 **Sinking of the Filibustering Steamer, "Caroline"**

(*Fenian Raid on Canada*)

Hear the British mortars cry,
See the flaming monsters fly,
Blazing through the tranquil sky,
  To do the work of Death.
O'er Niagara's cataract,
By shell and bullet hacked,
But with ardor all intact,
  The "Caroline" went down.

28, 1660 **How the Women Went from Dover**

Bared to the waist for the North-wind's grip
And keener sting of the constable's whip,
The blood that followed each hissing blow
Froze as it sprinkled the winter's snow.
So into the forest they held their way,
By winding river and frost-rimmed bay;
Over wind-swept hill that felt the beat
Of the winter sea at their icy feet.

— *John G. Whittier*

29, 1812 **"Old Ironsides"**

(*The "Constitution" and the "Java"*)

Lambert met him in the "Java"; fierce the hot contention rose;
Like the streams of Etna's lava, fell our vengeance on our foes.
Hull, on board the "Constitution," sunk his foe beneath the flood;
Ere the fiend of Death diverted, ceased to glut on human blood.

30, 1903 **The Iroquois Theatre Fire**

(*Chicago, Illinois*)

In crowded throng on busy mart, the music changes to a dirge,
The sounds of joy and mirth now change to wails as forward surge
The throng that but an hour ago were happy in those scenes of glee
And, shouting in their joy, the warning hand had failed to see.
Now "Rachel" mourns her children lost and words of comfort never hears —
Our hearthstones pay the fearful cost and smiles of joy give place to tears,
The *Miserere* fills the air, and darkness hovers over every home;
"Father have Mercy!" comes the prayer from lips but now with terror dumb.

— *Lu Seamans Hadley*

31, 1862 Battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn

Here, more deadly, War's wild torrent rushed,
And Victory, at first, the Rebels flushed.
The "right wing" gone; the troops in panic, lo!
The battle seemed already lost. But, no —
Brave Rosecrans now ordered — "Stop that retreat!
We'll turn to Victory this sore defeat.
All reform and meet the yelling foe!
Stand firm for one more volley — then, back he'll go.
Now — Present your bayonets — and Charge!"
'Twere needless on their orders to enlarge.
All that Rosecrans desired was done,
And Murfreesboro battle fully won.

— *Kilahan Cornwallis*

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